★ June 26, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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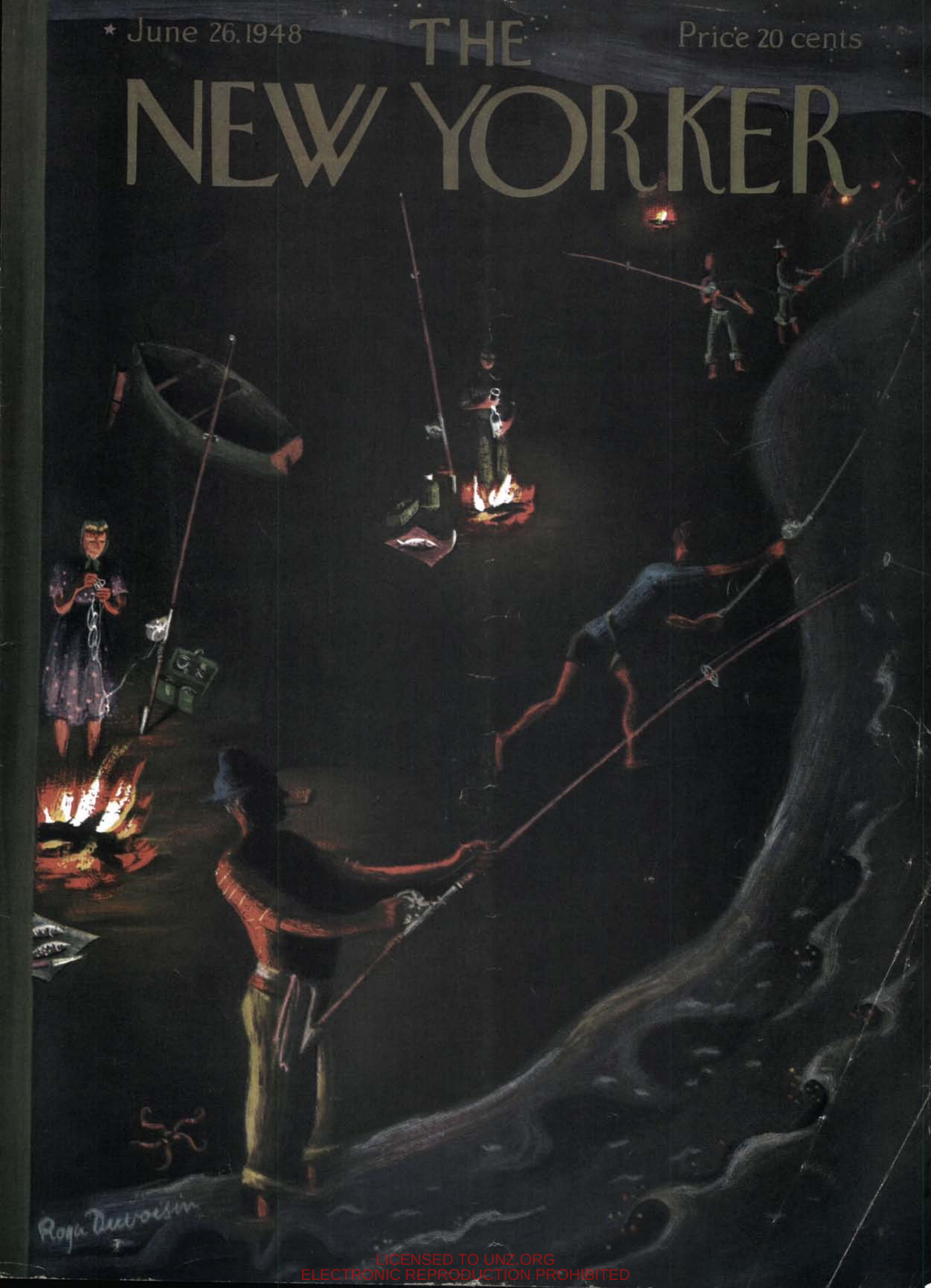

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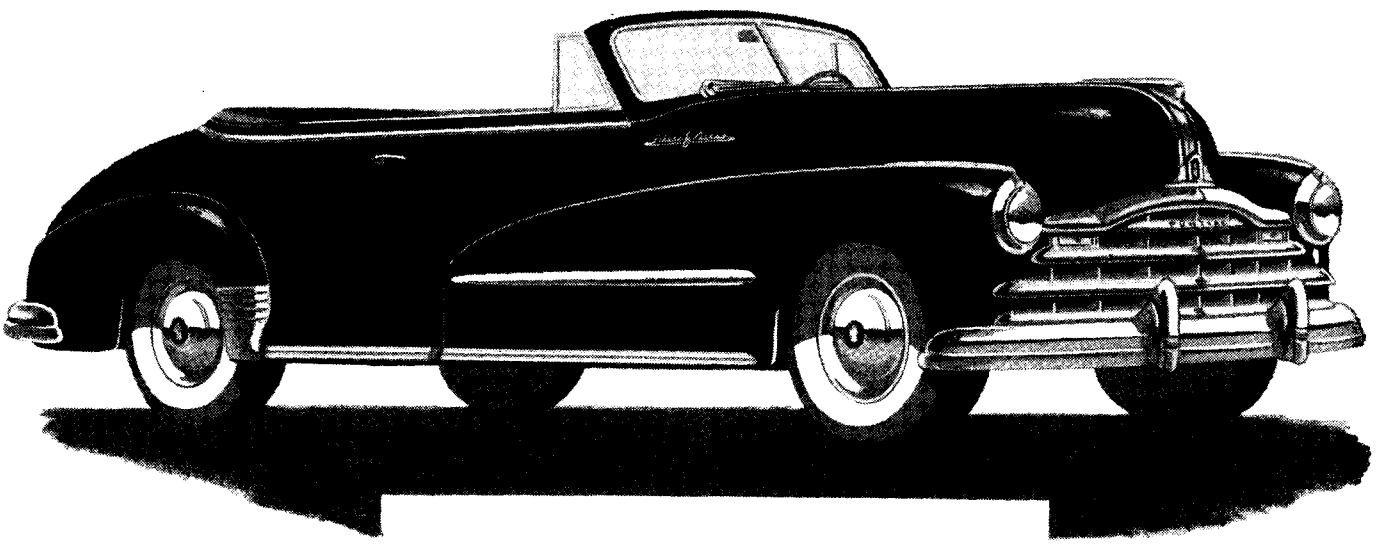

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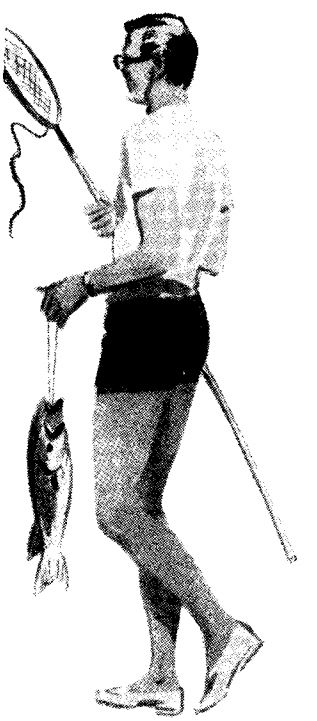

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

COMMAND DECISION—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HEIRESS—The Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl, turned into an absorbing play. Beatrice Straight, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY TO THE WORLD—Lively staging is not quite enough to save this rather untidy mixture of Hollywood humor and political argument. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt are very decorative in the leading roles, however. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ME AND MOLLY—The Goldberg family of radio fame comes to something that is well short of life but intermittently amusing. With Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISTER ROBERTS—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several years. Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan lead an excellent cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—A fine cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a very pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE—Meg Mundy gives an extremely touching performance in Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama dealing with the race problem. "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

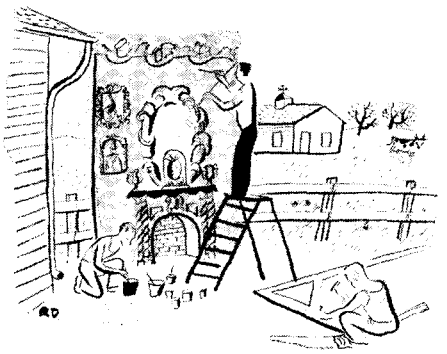
STRANGE BEDFELLOWS—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and Richard Coogan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Starting on Monday, June 28, Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, and Karl Malden will go on vacation, and Uta Hagen, Anthony Quinn, and Russell Hardie will substitute for them. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: John Alexander and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** The rabbit and his best friend, who is currently James Dunn. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

ALLEGRO—An elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are below standard. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

ANGEL IN THE WINGS—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches, which include Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HIGH BUTTON SHOES—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points here, but it is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. Miss Fabray will be replaced by Joan Roberts starting Tuesday, June 29. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

INSIDE U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie, back in a revue that might have had more laughs but could not be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer called Valerie Bettis. Arthur Schwartz is the producer and composer, and Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of agreeable dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, and Katharine Sergava. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAKE MINE MANHATTAN—This revue offers at least two superlatively funny numbers and some others that are funny enough. Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar are the leading comics. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **BRIGADOON:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

BALLET BALLADS—John Latouche wrote the lyrics and Jerome Moross the score for these three funny and charming song-and-dance numbers. Katherine Litz stars in "Susanna and the Elders," Paul Godkin and Sono Osato in "Willie the Weeper," and Ted Lawrie in "The Eccentricities of Davey Crockett." (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ICE SHOW—A new show, called "Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

ABINGDON—Thursday, June 24: "The Glass Menagerie." Friday and Saturday, June 25-26: "Voltaire," a new play. Monday and Tuesday, June 28-29: "The Voice of the Turtle." Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1: "Voltaire." Friday and Saturday, July 2-3: "The Glass Menagerie." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

BENNINGTON—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: "Dear Ruth." (Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, June 26: "Papa Is All." Tuesday through Saturday, June 29-July 3: "The Voice of the Turtle." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

CLINTON, N.J.—Through Saturday, June 26: Sidney Blackmer in "All My Sons." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Lenore Lonergan in a new musical comedy, "Hand in Hand." (Music Hall, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday, June 30, and Saturday, July 3, at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Sunday, June 27: "The Voice of the Turtle." Tuesday through Sun-

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day, June 29-July 4: "Petticoat Fever." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DENNIS—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Kay Francis in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: José Ferrer and Mary Anderson in "Romeo and Juliet." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinée Friday, July 2, at 2:45.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, June 26: "John Loves Mary." Sunday through Saturday, June 27-July 3: Joan Caulfield and John Payne in "The Voice of the Turtle." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

JUTLAND—Through Saturday, June 26: "The Voice of the Turtle." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Glenda Farrell in "The Fatal Weakness." (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LITCHFIELD—Through Sunday, June 27: Jean Parker in "Candlelight." Tuesday through Saturday, June 29-July 3: "Tobacco Road." (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

MARBLEHEAD—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

MATUNUCK—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: "The Royal Family." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MILLBURN—"The Vagabond King." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Saturday, June 26: Mady Christians in "The Constant Wife." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Cesar Romero in "Strictly Dishonorable." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, June 24: "The Sea Gull." Friday, June 25: "She Stoops to Conquer." Saturday, June 26: "Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas." Wednesday, June 30: "Androcles and the Lion." Thursday, July 1: "The Cherokee Night." Friday, July 2: "An American Tragedy." Saturday matinée, July 3, at 2:15: "The Inheritors." Saturday evening, July 3: "She Stoops to Conquer." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, June 26: Grant Mitchell in "The Late George Apley." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Walter Abel in "The Jailer's Wench." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW MILFORD—Through Sunday, June 27: A new play, "The Astonished Ostrich." Starting Wednesday, June 30: "John Loves Mary." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

NEWPORT—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Hazel Dawn in "Years Ago." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, June 26: "Apple of His Eye." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: "John Loves Mary." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, June 27: "John Loves Mary." Tuesday through Sunday, June 29-July 4: "The Night of January 16." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Th[illegible]gh Saturday, June 26: Joan

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	1	2	3

June 28-July 3: Ilka Chase and Jean Pierre Aumont in "Design for Living." (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: "Gold." (Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

RIDGEFIELD—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEA CLIFF—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: Buddy Ebsen in "John Loves Mary." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, June 26: "The Village Green." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: "Uncle Harry." (Lakewood Summer Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Tuesday, June 29, through Sunday, July 4: Neil Hamilton in "Parlor Story." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, June 26: Thornton Wilder and Carol Stone in "The Skin of Our Teeth." Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: "John Loves Mary." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Monday through Saturday, June 28-July 3: June Havoc and Joan McCracken in "Lysistrata '48," a new production by Gilbert Seldes. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, June 27: Ann Corio in "Sailor Beware." Tuesday through Sunday, June 29-July 4: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise noted.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Deep enough underground to be a mushroom cellar, but far too nice for that. Jules Lande's orchestra. No music on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The romantic old Cascades roof garden, with Art Mooney's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. On Tuesday, June 29, Richard Himber's band replaces Mr. Mooney's. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A great big show that is beautiful

but (except for the cavortings of Mata and Hari) just a little bit dumb. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as the Senior Prom, and often a dead ringer for it. Eddie Davis's and (through Saturday, June 26) Nicolas Matthey's jaunty orchestras. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Whenever there's a two-million-share day in the Street, there's sure to be a full house here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is enlivened by the dance team of McLerie and Butler, and the foolery of Lucille and Eddie Roberts. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closes for the summer on Sunday, June 27. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, an orchestra plays every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper, and there's an unassuming show in the evening.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—*If you get tired of the rather static décor*, you can always watch the pretty girls waltzing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra provides the glossy clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to, and an inconspicuous show provides it with a chance to doze. Tea dancing daily. After Tuesday, June 29, there'll be no show for the rest of the summer, and, presumably, no dozing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A favorite watering place for those who have just recently outgrown "Jack and the Beanstalk." Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Suzy Solidor, emitting her brightly lacquered torch songs for the patrons who speak French French. Others may need their Baedekers now and then to find their way around her Paris. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, there is dancing all evening to Xavier Cugat's orchestra, aided, at the supper hour, by Mischa Borr's band. No supper dancing Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate retreat for the three-hours-for-dinner set. Les Crosley's top-drawer piano at cocktail time and dinner, and Cy Walter's equally expert work later in the evening. John Kelly takes over on Sundays. Closes Wednesday, June 30, for a breather that will end on Wednesday, July 7. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio play for dancing, after eight-thirty, in this comfortable nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): An elegant setting for the piano of Les Crosley, after *eight-thirty every night* but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the implausible starlight, Earl Fox plays the piano (through Tuesday, June 29) after ten-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (*EL 5-9234*): *Piano by Mary* McNally at the cocktail hour and by Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, presiding over a tiny *boîte* that should fondly remind you of the last time you saw Paris. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the piano, and Mae Barnes, chanting in a very audible fashion. Closed Mondays. . . . **PENTHOUSE**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): The crystal-clear oriole known as Maxine Sullivan starts chirping from this treetop at ten-thirty every night except Sunday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the bustling twenties, what with Faconi's violin music at dinner and Louis Hawkins' piano after ten. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong with the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Jacques Thaler ram[illegible] along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed

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HE SAID: "Whatever it is — we wouldn't want any . . ."

FINE way for an interview to start!

"You *are* the office manager," I asked him.

"Confidentially, the Brain," he said.

"Do you have a postage meter—"

"Know all about it. Gizmo that prints postage on envelopes, makes a postmark, and seals the envelope flap, does its own bookkeeping. Right?"

"Oh—then you do have a meter?"

"Nope. Read all the ads. Anything to pass the time. Say—care for a game of gin?"

"Sorry, no. Mr. Jones, you send out a lot of letters. A postage meter would save work—"

"Lissen," said Mr. Jones. "That old gent over there is our VP in charge of Various and Sundry. Wetting down envelope flaps and the postage stamps fills his day nicely."

"Couldn't he do something important—"

"My job, for instance," said Mr. Jones. "Think I haven't thought of that, too?"

"And the meter prints any amount of postage, does away with frequent trips to the postoffice to buy stamps."

"THERE you go again," broke in Mr. Jones, "overlooking the human element. The old guy *likes* to go to the postoffice and grab a beer. If he knocks down a few dimes on postage, so what?"

"Have you ever considered how a postage meter could speed up your mail? Metered mail is faster, doesn't have to be postmarked and cancelled in the postoffice, can make earlier trains."

"Tch tch! People who really want our stuff will wait to hear from us, so what's the rush?"

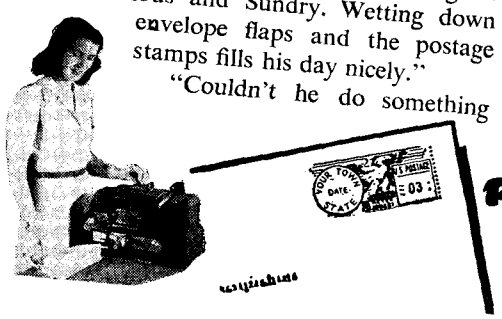
"But you do want more orders?"

"Dunno," said Mr. Jones. "Get more business, we get more of the boss's relatives on the payroll. Some of them might be smarter than me . . . See what I mean? Hard to figure!"

"Yes, Mr. Jones; thanks anyway."

"Okay. Breaks the monotony," said Mr. Jones.

THERE are some companies—not many, thank goodness!—we just can't interest in a postage meter . . . even though we make models for every size business, big or little. If you're interested, call the nearest Pitney-Bowes office. Or write for an illustrated booklet.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American tumult, interrupted only when the customers indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nightly, except Sundays, Hope Emerson exposes the shortcomings of our metropolitan milieu, Tony Craig sings soulfully, and the team of Kirkwood and Goodman tries out a few pretty good laughs on the clients. Old silent movies are shown on Monday evenings, but then none of us have to go out *every* night.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, funnier than anything else that's happened here in months, and Monica Lewis, in a more decorative mood. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A fetching assemblage of tuneful youth and beauty—Nan Wynn, being romantic, and Josephine Premice, Mary McCarty, and Phil Gordon, being slapdash. Bright background music by Harold Cooke and the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Julius Monk puts through its paces this establishment's best show of the season, involving the King Odom Quartet, the Normann Paris Trio, Muriel Gaines' sly-puss songs, a handsome little Brazilian singer named Delora Bueno, and some deft humor by Fletcher and Sheidy. Closes for the summer on Saturday, June 26.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A casual house-party operated by Sheila Barrett and Spivy, whose ideas about contemporary life are not to be found in the copybooks. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mildred Bailey, at her magical best. On Tuesday, June 29, Avon Long will replace her with his celebrated sleight-of-foot act. Dance music by Dave Martin's band and Cliff Jackson. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his Charge-of-the-Light-Brigade style of trumpet playing, along with Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other stalwarts. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Not exactly the ball of fire it once was, but it still has Billy Butterfield and Ernie Caceres. A jam session on Sunday afternoons. On Sunday, June 27, Bobby Hackett assumes Mr. Butterfield's portfolio. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The Art Hodes Trio, bouncing around every night except Sunday, and Chippie Hill, crying the blues every night except Monday; dancing. A jam session on Monday nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's exemplary septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, turning out a brand of music of interest to both serious thinkers and spry-legged dancers. No music on Mondays.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Ella Fitzgerald, almost making you believe that Fifty-second Street is the way it used to be.... **EDISON,** 228 W. 47th St. (CI 6-5000): In the Green Room, Raymond Scott's quintet, tooling through the Scott repertory of songs with odd titles, and even playing for dancing now and then.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Every evening but Monday, the Mary Osborne Trio plays inside the oval bar of this landmark.... **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): You can never be quite sure of what's going on here, but it's a reasonable guess that through Tuesday, June 29, there'll be Dizzy Gillespie's and Thelonious Monk's noise-makers and that the following evening Tadd Dameron's beboppers will replace Mr. Gillespie's.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-[illegible] Ire show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Elliot Lawrence's orchestra, to be replaced by Skitch Henderson's starting Monday, June 28. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closes for the summer on Saturday, June 26.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A pleasant way to spend a hot evening out-of-doors. Dance music by Sonny Kippe's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, if you have the energy.... **BOSSERT ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): A really high-up aerie, affording an excellent look at our neighbors in Brooklyn and an even better one at New York Harbor. Lots of fresh air, and Syd Strange's orchestra. Closed Mondays.... **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): Under an uptown greenwood tree, you can listen to Johnny Guarnieri's quintet and Lenny Rogers' band instead of other people's radios.... **ST. MORITZ ROOF,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Central Park to the north, and Mark Monte's and Alfred Menconi's orchestras all around you. Closed Mondays.... **ASTOR ROOF,** Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): A whopping penthouse, apt to be full of larking youngsters. Carmen Cavallaro's luxuriant orchestra. Closed Sundays.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Buddy Moreno's orchestra. Closed Mondays.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. Closed Mondays.... **MEADOWBROOK,** Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-1914): Larry Clinton's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) when out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91); closed Tuesdays.... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori (Manhasset 1842).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266).... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (Syosset 1706).... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 839).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays.... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932); closed Tuesdays. Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); closed Tuesdays.... **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); closed Mondays; dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253); closed Mondays.... **CENTERPORT, L.I.:** Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 1270); dancing on weekends.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

BYRON BROWNE—Abstract water colors, daringly inventive in design. (*Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 25.*)

EUROPEAN—At the **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57th St.: A charming little group of paintings by Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, and others; through July 31. ... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Oils, drawings, and water colors, mostly by modern French artists; through June 30.... **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Matisse, Giacometti, Miró, Dubuffet, and other contemporaries; through July 2.

GROUPS—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by present-day French and American artists; through June 30.... **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Healthily realistic oils by Carl Gaertner, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this gallery's group; through July 30.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings

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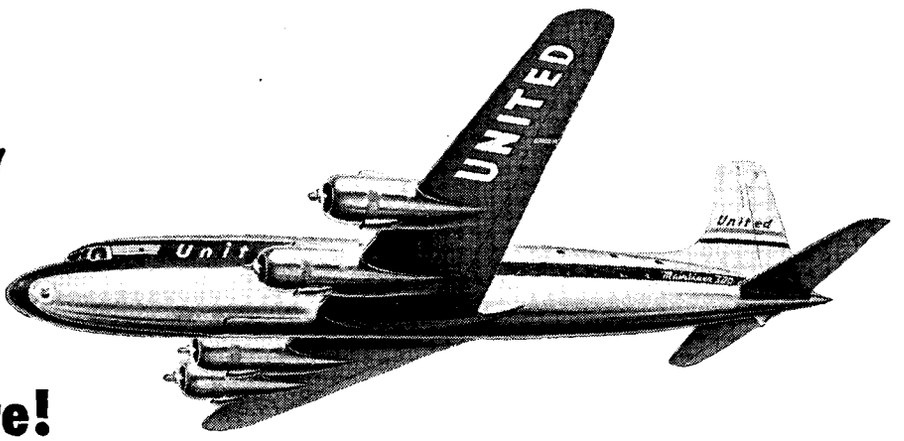

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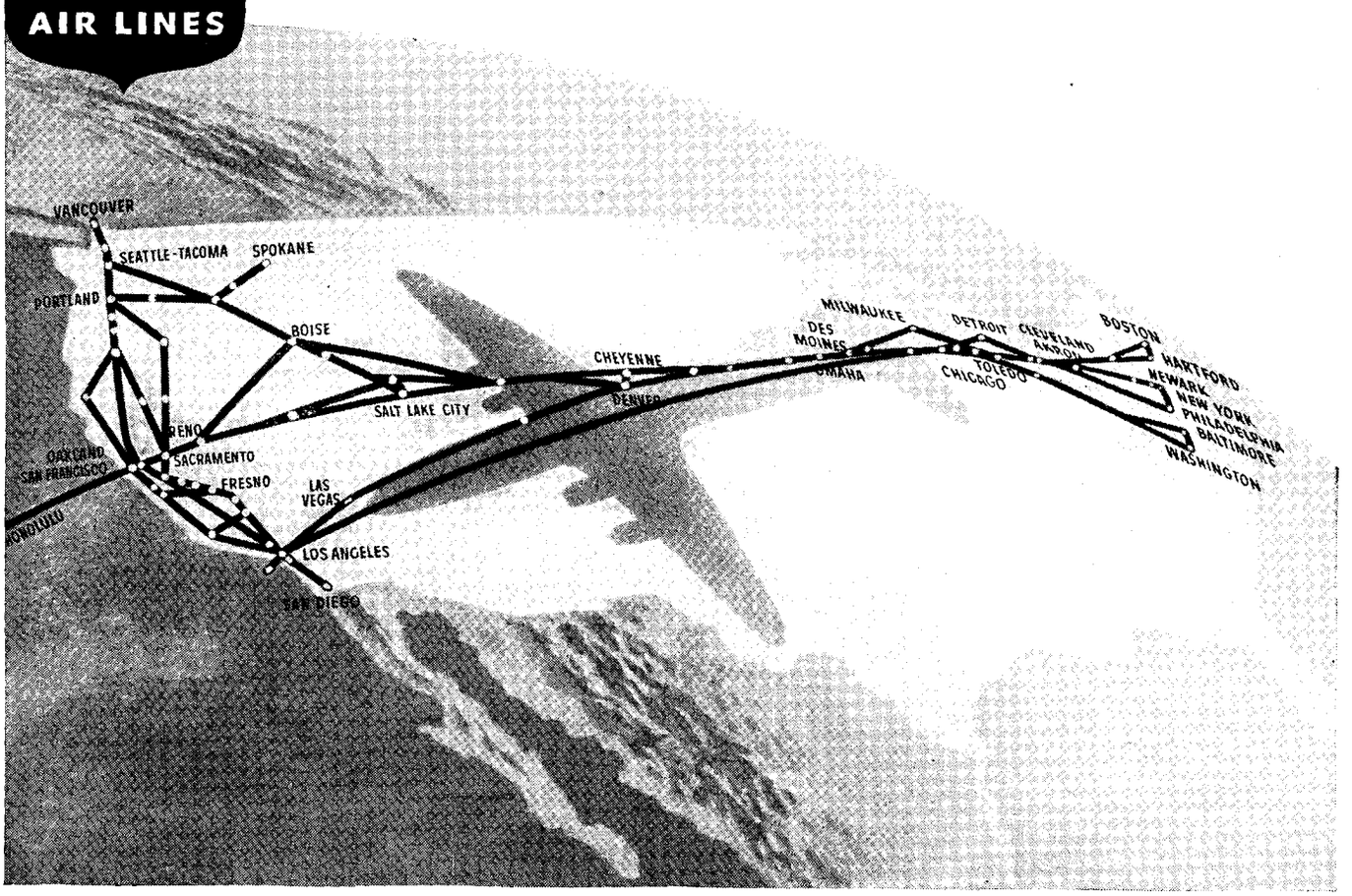

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and prints by six young artists, including a Canadian, W. Roloff Beny, of much promise. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturdays until noon; through July 30. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Work by Joe Jones, Karl Fortess, and other members of the gallery's roster; through July 6. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Sol Wilson, Jean Liberté, and others, in a show that also includes some works by Winslow Homer and Albert P. Ryder; through Sept. 10. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, Charles Umlauf, and others; through July 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Minna Harkavy, Maurice Freedman, Doris Rosenthal, and other sculptors and painters, in a seasonal retrospective; through July 2. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Paintings, mostly small, by John Pellew, Ethel Magafan, Beatrice Cuming, and others; through July 15. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Siv Holme, Will Barnet, and other gallery regulars, as well as by some newcomers; through July 30. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, Marsden Hartley, and others; through Aug. 15.

WINSLOW HOMER AND EASTMAN JOHNSON—A roomful apiece of small paintings and other works. Also, portraits by Cézanne, Corot, Renoir, and other French nineteenth-century artists. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; weekdays, through Aug. 31.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI—The first show of drawings (1921-47) in some time by one of the contemporary American masters in that field. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 24.)

LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS—An unusual collection of work by landscapists of three centuries. Included are some handsome pieces by Corot, Gainsborough, and van Goyen. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—The first outdoor show since 1942. Among the exhibitors are José de Creeft, Lu Duble, Hugo Robus, and William Zorach. (18 Washington Square N. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 31.)

SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS, 128 E. 63rd St.—The members' annual show. (Weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—A pleasant set of his earlier paintings, which are more lively than his later ones. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through July 31.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—Group shows at the SALPETER, 128 E. 56th St. (weekdays, noon to 6 P.M., through Sept. 9); CARLEBACH, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St. (through July 31); and LILIENFELD, 32 E. 57th St. (through July 31).

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Some Ben-Zion paintings on Biblical subjects, done with force and sincerity. Also, a group by contemporary Jewish artists, including the Palestinian painter M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In observance of New York's Golden Anniversary, the Costume Institute has arranged an elaborate display of dresses and shoes of the nineties, supplemented by portraits of the period. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective of paintings and other works by Pierre Bonnard, including a number of items brought over from France for the occasion; through July 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition of portraits in black-and-white, by a wide variety of artists, European and American; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The yearly Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are

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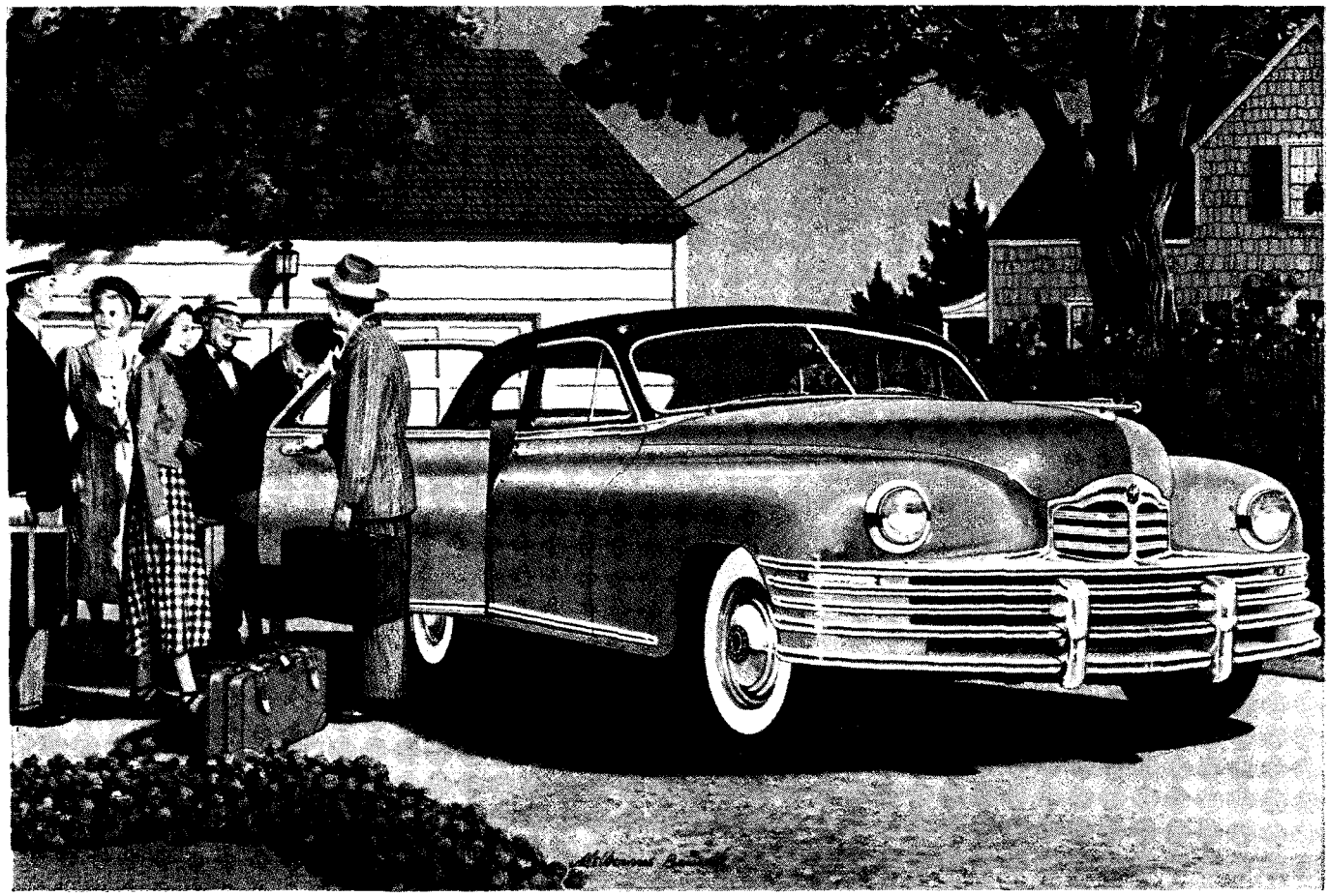

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

held on most clear nights at 8:30. Following is the schedule for this week and next. Thursday, June 24: Fritz Reiner conducting, with William Kapell, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: Fritz Reiner conducting an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: Paul Lavalle conducting, with Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano, and Mac Morgan, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, June 28: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Todd Duncan, baritone; the Eva Jessye Choir; and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Mozart program, with Werner Lywen, violin, and Toni and Rosi Grunschlag, duo pianists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Carl Stern, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Cloe Elmo, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3: Enrico Leide conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., WA 6-0600, and at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Tuesday, June 29: Katherine Bacon, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1: Maria Kurenko, soprano; and Gibner King, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2: The Juilliard String Quartet. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave. All at 4 P.M. For information about tickets, call AC 2-6100, Ext. 58.)

LEMONADE OPERA—Thursday and Friday, June 24-25: "Don Giovanni," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday and Monday, June 26 and 28: "Hansel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, June 29-July 3: "The Duenna" (in English). (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Evenings at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The United States Army Band, conducted by Captain Hugh Curry. (Saturday afternoon, June 26, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday evening, June 26, at 8:30.)

BERKSHIRE QUARTET—Chamber-music concert. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, June 27, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, June 24, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 25, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, June 26-27, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, June 29, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, July 2, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, July 3, at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 24, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, June 27 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, June 29, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 2, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, July 3, at 2 P.M.

CREW—Yale-Harvard Race. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 25; main event at 7 P.M.) . . . ¶ Olympic Trials of eight-oared shells. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J. Wednesday through Saturday, June 30-July 3.)

DOG SHOWS—Monmouth County Kennel Club. (Rumson, N.J. Saturday, June 26.) . . . ¶ Staten Island Kennel Club. (Perth Amboy, N.J. Sunday, June 27.)

FENCING—Outdoor All-Eastern Intermediate Sabre Championship. (Travers Island, Pelham, N.Y. Sunday, June 27, at 10 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y. Thursday and Friday, June 24-25.)

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club. (Westport, Conn. Friday through Sunday,

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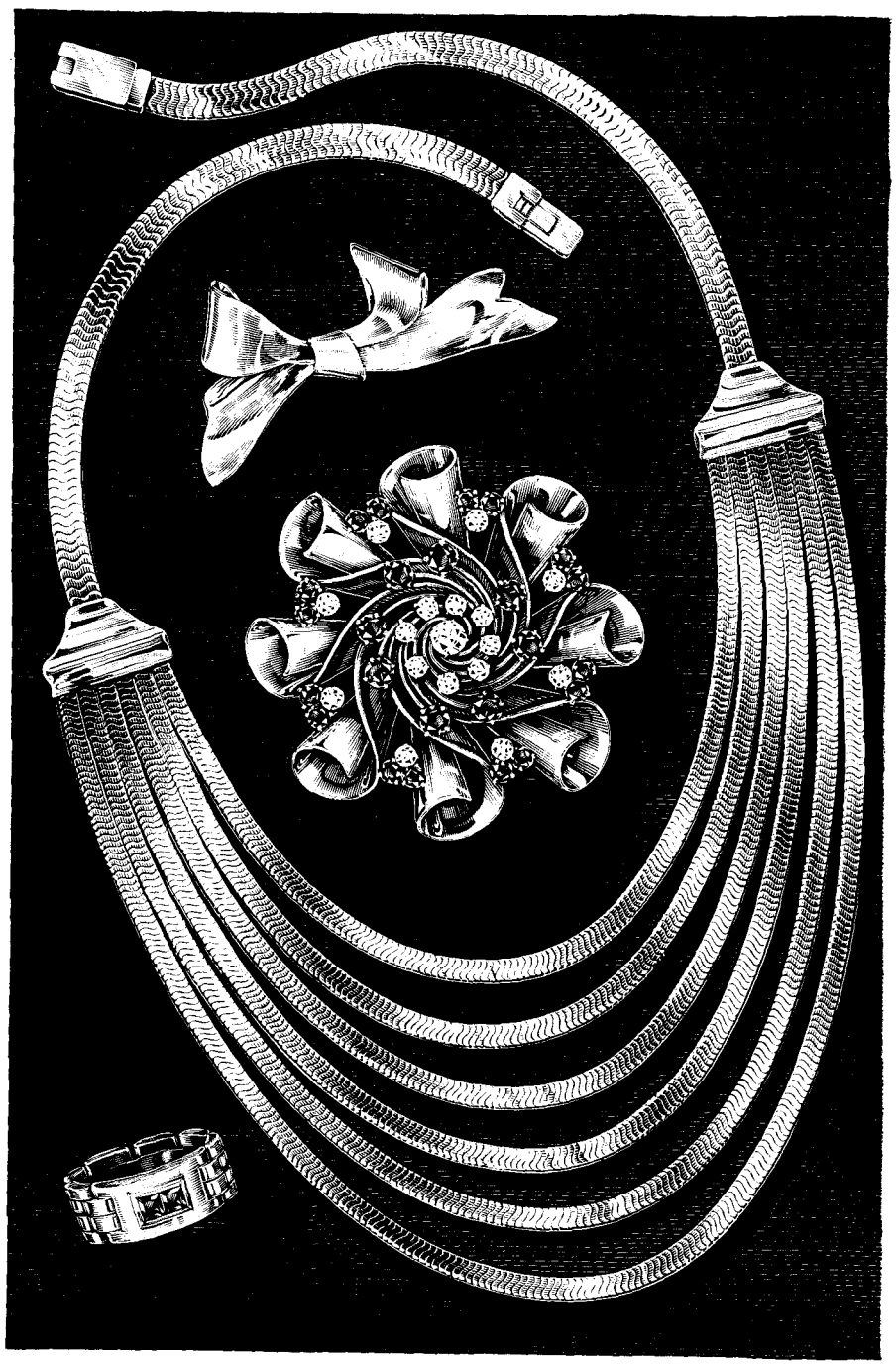

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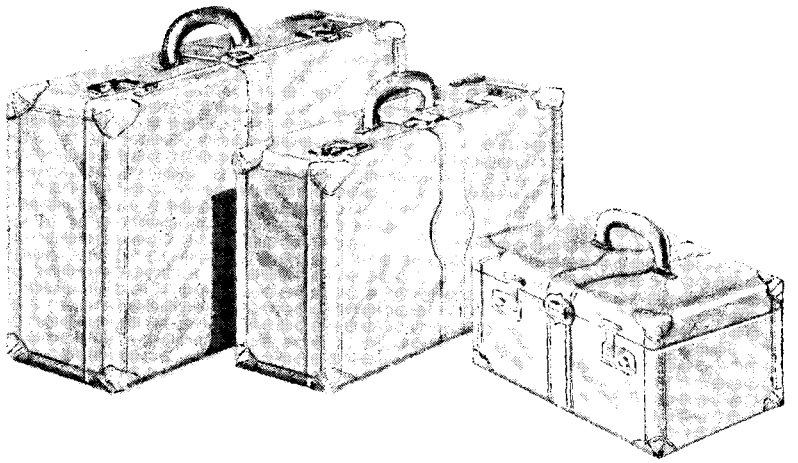

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 25-27.) . . . ¶ Bellewood Show. (Pottstown, Pa. Friday through Sunday, June 25-27.) . . . ¶ Goldens Bridge Colt and Horse Show. (Brewster, N.Y. Saturday through Monday, July 3-5.)

Midget-Auto Races—Eight races a night. (Polo Grounds. Wednesday, June 30, and Saturday, July 3, both at 8:45 P.M. For tickets, call PL 7-6880.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30 P.M.—At **Bostwick Field**, Westbury, L.I. . . . **Meadow Brook Club**, Westbury, L.I. . . . **Blind Brook Polo Club**, Purchase, N.Y.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M. The Aqueduct Handicap, June 26; the Carter Handicap, July 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

Tennis—Eastern Intercollegiate Championships. (Montclair, N.J. Saturday through Sunday, June 26-July 4.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . **Saratoga Springs, N.Y.**: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.

Yachting—Indian Harbor Yacht Club cruise races. (Greenwich, Conn. Thursday, June 24.) . . . ¶ Indian Harbor Yacht Club championship races. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 26.) . . . ¶ Huntington Yacht Club day races. (Huntington Harbor, L.I. Sunday, June 27.) . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week. (Noroton, Conn. Saturday, June 26, through Thursday, July 1.) . . . ¶ New Rochelle Yacht Club championship races. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Sunday, June 27.) . . . ¶ Port Washington Yacht Club championship races. (Port Washington, L.I. Saturday, July 3.) . . . ¶ U.S. Star Olympic Trials. (Sheepshead Bay, N.Y. Starting Friday, July 2.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Trusteeship Council, and various other bodies. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early on the morning of the day you want to go. You can go by train from Penn Station to Great Neck or by Independent Subway to the 169th Street station in Jamaica; there are frequent buses to Lake Success from Great Neck, and buses on the hour from Jamaica.

Republican Convention—The balloting for the two nominations is expected to be over on Thursday, June 24th (but may carry over until Friday), when from the sound and fury a pair of smiling and barbered candidates will emerge.

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Color in the Sky." Starting Thursday, July 1, there will be a new one, called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—Lewisohn Stadium concert, Alexander Smallens conducting, Wednesday, June 30, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Hans Schwieger conducting, Saturday, June 26, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Ezio Pinza, bass, Monday, June 28, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: The Aqueduct Handicap, at Aqueduct, Saturday, June 26, at 4:15 P.M., WOR, WCBS.

Television—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, June 27, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, of the Dodgers on WCBS, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ The hurly-burly of the Republican Convention will be shown practically continuously on all major television stations.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All My Sons—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play about an industrialist whose wartime practices get him and his family into a fierce emotional jam. Ponderous, but it does have tense moments. With Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, and Burt Lancaster. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; June 25-28. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 28-30. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 29.)

The Emperor Waltz—Some pleasant spoofing of Old Vienna, with Bing Crosby playing a phonograph salesman from Newark and Joan Fontaine a pretty nifty countess. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Fanny—The second part of Marcel Pagnol's trilogy dealing with some rowdy residents of Marseille. A soundly diverting French film, which was made about ten years ago and has as its star the magnificent actor Raimu. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting June 25.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attack on anti-Semitism that frequently offers homilies instead of drama but is, nevertheless, a short step in the right direction. Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire are in the cast. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; and Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 24.)

The Lady from Shanghai—A meandering film about the experiences of an Irish sailor and three rich, unsavory characters who come together on a yacht travelling between New York and San Francisco. Not always lucid, but often exciting. Orson Welles, who wrote, directed, and produced the picture, also plays the sailor, and he is supported by Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Glenn Anders. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

Melody Time—Walt Disney putting several actors and cartoon characters through their paces. Some of the sequences are comical, all are melodious, and the film ought to please children mightily. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Paisan—An arresting Italian piece that surveys, in six episodes, a few of the results of the invasion of Italy. Directed with vast skill by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." The cast is made up mostly of amateurs. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Sitting Pretty—Some of the more peculiar aspects of baby-sitting, with Clifton Webb as a gelid but comic guardian of a brood of rowdy little ones, and Richard Haydn as a neighborhood nuisance. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 30.)

State of the Union—Spencer Tracy, as a political candidate, and Katharine Hepburn, as his large-hearted wife, manage to breathe enough life into this movie version of the Lindsay-Crouse play to make it very entertaining. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through June 26. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 30.)

The Time of Your Life—The William Saroyan play about an assortment of derelicts in a San Francisco waterfront dive, transformed with fidelity into an amusing picture. James and Jeanne Cagney, William Bendix, and James Barton. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting June 29.)

The Goldwyn Follies (1938)—Zorina, Adolphe Menjou, and Gershwin tunes. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; June 27-30.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294; June 24.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting June 26.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through June 25.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Gotham, B'way at 47th, CI 5-9516.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's wry story concerning a girl who thinks she's going to die. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 24.)

One Night of Love (1934)—Grace Moore in a Hollywood opera. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through June 25.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture, with Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 24. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 28-30.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job, about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; June 27-29.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 29.)

Stand-In (1937)—A satire on Hollywood, with Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; June 28-29. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; June 29.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; through June 26.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through June 29.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through June 27: "Adieu . . . Leonard" (1943), in French, with Charles Trenet. . . . ¶ Starting June 28: A group of French films produced in 1900; "Zéro de Conduite" (1933), in French; "Racconto da un Affresco" (1941), a camera study of Giotto frescoes; and "Bambini in Città" (1946), a documentary film about Milan. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MELODY TIME.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Fort Apache," Henry Fonda, John Wayne, Shirley Temple.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE EMPEROR WALTZ.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 29: "Berlin Express," Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, Paul Lukas; and "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!," June Haver, Lon McCallister.
From June 30: "Silver River," Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan; and "The Woman in White," Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd (BR 9-8738)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Lulu Belle," Dorothy Lamour, George Montgomery.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Give My Regards to Broadway," Dan Dailey, Charles Winninger, Nancy Guild.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through June 29: "Summer Holiday," Mickey Rooney, Gloria DeHaven.
From June 30: "Easter Parade," Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Peter Lawford.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
June 24: "Wallflower," Robert Hutton, Joyce Reynolds.
From June 25: "Romance on the High Seas," Doris Day, Jack Carson, Janis Paige.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
"Fighting Father Dunne," Pat O'Brien.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through June 28: "Bad Sister," Margaret Lockwood, Joan Greenwood. The theatre will be closed June 29-30 for refurbishing.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, revival; and MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON, revival.

"Citizen Saint," Julie Haydon, Carla Dare.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
June 24: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From June 25: To be announced.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
June 24: "Fric-Frac" (in French), Fernandel, Arletty, Michel Simon.
From June 25: "The Foolish Virgin" (in French); and "The Playboy," Harry Richman, Maureen O'Hara.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through June 25: ONE NIGHT OF LOVE, revival; and IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT, revival.
From June 26: HENRY V, revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
THE BAKER'S WIFE, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"The End of the River," Sabu.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"Nais" (in French), Fernandel, Jacqueline Bouvier.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN

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Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

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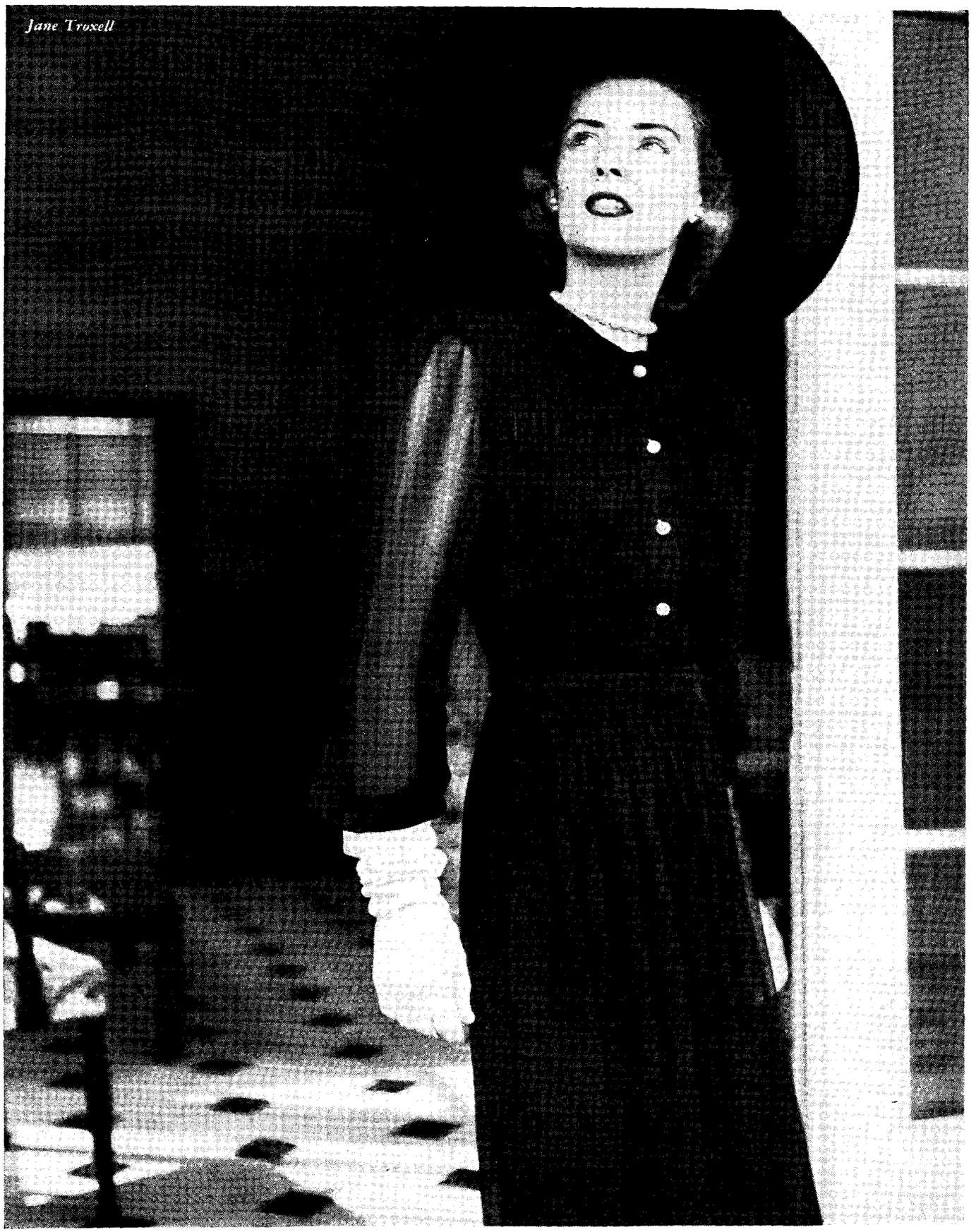

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR a week or so, off and on, we've been mulling over a clipping of an article written for *This Week* by a man who went around polling various eminent persons on the question "How will television affect American life and customs?" From Dr. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist and authority on the American family, he got an answer that set us to wondering. "There may be less going out," Dr. Mead said, "and . . . the family may be more closely knit. I believe television will make parents more attuned to Junior's world, since they will see in telecast programs the personalities that excite the imaginations of their children. *This will bring closer conversational ties within the family*." (The italics are the *This Week* man's, as they certainly ought to be.)

Closer conversational ties, eh, we thought. We tried to figure out precisely what Dr. Mead had in mind, to picture just what course those conversations might take. The only result that seems even reasonably likely goes this way:

FATHER (*back from a hard day at the office*): Who in God's name is that you're looking at on the television, Junior?

JUNIOR (*his imagination at fever pitch*): That's Superduperman, Dad—the greatest man in the world!

FATHER: So *that's* the Superduperman you've been listening to on the radio these past couple of years, is it? Looks like just an actor to me.

MOTHER: Now, Ralph.

FATHER: You keep out of this. (*To Junior.*) What's that stuff he's eating?

JUNIOR: Those are Oaties. They keep Superduperman strong and powerful.

FATHER: Looks to me as though he's just faking eating them. As a matter of fact, he looks as though he could do with a stiff drink.

JUNIOR: It's not true. Why, Superduperman can lick *anybody*.

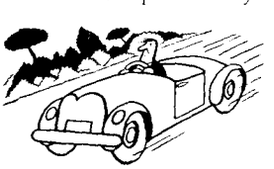
FATHER: That punk? Five foot seven and a half, I'd say, and he looks as if one tap on the kisser would finish him. And I'm the man to give it to him.

MOTHER: You beast, Ralph! I can see you were in the Commodore bar quite a while before you caught your train.

FATHER: You're damn right. And I'm going to spear a few more unless that sissy stops waving that cape around. (*Exit Father. Junior, sobbing, is comforted by Mother.*)

Does that do it, Dr. Mead?

OUR lawyer recently took some of the immense fees he has had from us and bought an English car called a Hillman Minx. He has not invited us for a ride yet, as he is still breaking in the engine and is awaiting the right conditions. The instruction book that came with the car says, "Thirty-five miles per hour to 45 miles per hour should be accepted as the maximum speed during the first 500 miles unless very favorable conditions exist such as down-grade or a following wind, when this speed may be increased slightly." What he plans to do, toward the end of the month, is to drop down to about 15 degrees N. latitude and pick up the trades.



THERE is, or was, a theory that the length of women's skirts bears a definite, though occult, relationship to the business cycle—short skirts in boom times, long skirts in depressions. The New Look, coming in the midst of unexampled prosperity, has dealt this theory a sharp, possibly fatal, blow, and its supporters, casting about for a firmer base on which to build, might do worse than observe the mysterious rise and fall of the vogue for men's knickers. Knickers, once the universal garb of golfers, increased in popularity throughout the nineteen-twenties and then, with the crash of the bull market, went underground. What happened to so many millions of knickers, plus fours, and even plus eights, how they could have disappeared so rapidly, is in itself a puzzle—almost as much a puzzle as why. The assumption in well-informed fashion circles is that, like the Gigantosaurus, knickers had grown too big for their own good, and easily fell prey to the greater convenience and adaptability of gray flannel slacks. Be that as it may, for the last eighteen years knickers have been worn by only a handful of diehards, among them Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, the Duke of Windsor, and Adolphe Menjou, who at the very nadir of knickers had the courage to assert that they were less of a hindrance to walk in on windy days than slacks, didn't get soggy around the ankles when it rained, and were, in fact, just as sensible as spats.

Now, along with the bull market, knickers are making a powerful comeback. What connection there may be between the two phenomena, we don't pretend to know, and it's only fair to point out that Tripler's and Saks Fifth Avenue, who have been giving knickers a prominent play this season, affect to trace the renascence simply to a demand by professional golfers for something more serviceable than slacks. The trend undoubtedly began last June, at the Professional Golfers Association Tournament, in Detroit, when a delegation of pros appealed to Jug McSpaden, a sales representative of the Goodall Clothing Company and himself a pro, to dig up some knickers. Hesitantly, he produced a couple of dozen pairs, which were seized upon and worn. Goodall went into large-scale production and has been turning

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them out in quantity ever since. McSpaden, with whom we've talked, advises us that the new-type knickers don't require buckling and that the stockings to be worn with them are not the old-fashioned, heavy kind. The new stocking comes to just below the knee, has an elastic top, and is made of lisle or light wool. No scratch. Forty-one players out of the hundred and seventy-one in the recent National Open Tournament wore knickers.

Knickers go all the way back to the Parthians, but our readers needn't fear that we are going back there with them. Suffice it to add that the word "knicker" is, of course, short for "knickerbocker;" that Knickerbocker is an old Dutch name, of which Washington Irving made use when he wrote his history of New York, crediting one Diedrich Knickerbocker with being the author; that Cruikshank's illustrations for the book, showing Dutchmen wearing wide knee breeches, are thought to have got people started calling knickerbockers knickerbockers along about 1860; that knickers became the popular term about 1880; and that plus fours, which were distinguished by an extra bagginess at the knee, contrived by adding four inches of cloth to the bottom, began to be worn hereabouts as early as 1920. Plus fours kept getting bigger and bigger, and sillier- and sillier-looking, until they became plus eights and ended by serving, in cartoons and movies, as a symbol of the Harold Teen way of life. By 1929, they were as swollen as most common stocks, and, in the opinion of conservative tailors, the crash was overdue when it came. Tripler's, Saks, and McSpaden are convinced that no such inflation will ever happen again. The knickers manufacturers have, they say, learned their lesson.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Vivisection Investigation League, Inc., has its offices at 11 East Forty-fourth Street, in the Life Extension Building.

A Texas firm that sells shelled pecans by mail calls itself Nuts-Tu-Yu.

Literary Project

WHEN Harry Hopkins died, early in 1946, he was about to start writing two books for Harper's—one on his wartime activities, the other on his life before the war. Shortly after his death, his widow called up Robert E. Sherwood, who was then in Hollywood, and said that Hopkins would have most liked Sherwood, of all possible people, to go ahead with the project. This Sherwood did, and he is now finishing up a four-hundred-thousand-word life-and-times opus on Hopkins. It will be published here, this fall, under the title "Roosevelt and Hopkins: An Intimate History," and in England as "The White House Papers of Harry Hopkins." A sixty-thousand-word extract from it is appearing serially in *Collier's*. "I accepted Mrs. Hopkins' suggestion, though I rather dreaded the job," Mr. Sherwood told us the other day. "I got back to New York the end of March, 1946, and found that Harry had amassed forty filing cabinets of documents, clippings, and notes. I started reading this stuff—it was in a house at 1046 Fifth Avenue, which Hopkins had rented a few months before he died—and I got more and more excited, for it was absolutely wonderful. Harry never kept a diary as such, but the spirit would seize him and he'd write penetrating and salty notes on things that went on. For instance, he wrote down everyone's reactions in the White House on the day of Pearl Harbor. He was involved in simply everything, so his records add up to a history of the war—the Anglo-American part, at least. Sometimes he'd fail to record something important, but I had seen him so much and so intimately that I know how he felt about things, and this helped me fill in the gaps. More than two years and four hundred thousand words later, I still get a kick out of the material he left."

Assisted by Sidney Hyman, a young man Hopkins had chosen to help him, Sherwood gradually boiled down the contents of the forty cabinets to a residue of key papers that filled two cabinets. He moved these to his Sutton Place apartment and began to gather supplementary facts here and in England—from Churchill, Eden, Beaverbrook, Marshall, Eisenhower, and so on. He has had four long talks, and much correspondence, with Churchill. "Churchill is good on anecdotes and sidelights but not an easy man to interview," Sherwood said to us. "He likes to have questions put to him in writing. In answer to one bunch I gave him, he sent me fourteen typewritten pages. Marshall was tremendously helpful, and so was General Ismay, now Lord Ismay, Churchill's chief of staff during the war. I'd have the minutes of some meeting, and Marshall would fill me in and bring them to life by telling me how everyone at the meeting actually felt and behaved. The book is not the story of the events but of the events leading up to the events—the influences that forced the decisions. The advantage I've had in writing it is the intense devotion those people had for Harry Hopkins. They wanted to coöperate, to see that he finally got his due, after all the mudslinging."

Mr. Sherwood has allotted nearly a fifth of his space to the prewar Hopkins. "Harry had a great passion for Keats in his youth," he said. "His first wife gave me some poetry he wrote. It was the God-damnedest stuff you ever read. You wouldn't believe Harry could have written anything so awful." Sherwood first met Hopkins in September, 1938. "I wrote in a diary I was keeping then that he was very interesting but faintly ominous," he said. "He was full of Presidential ambitions at the time. A year later, he pulled through a terrible illness, after being given up for dead, and there was nothing left but a fierce devotion to Roosevelt. I gave up my diary in 1940. I wish I hadn't." Sherwood, Hopkins, and Sam Rosenman collaborated in the writing of most of Roosevelt's speeches from the summer of 1940 on. "The four of us—the fourth was the President—would talk about them endlessly," Sherwood said. "A twenty-eight-minute speech might represent ten solid days of terrific work." He expects to turn in the last of his manuscript in a week, and then spend the summer in Surrey, England, where he owns a country place. He will share royalties equally with the Hopkins estate; he offered to take less, but the former Mrs. Hopkins, now Mrs. Geoffrey Gates, insisted on this arrangement. "I've always wanted to write a big historical book without footnotes," he said, "and I've done it. The documentation is enormous, but all the page references and annotation are in the back, following the text. There's not one asterisk in the book."

Displaced Persons

WELL, *this* Boston story concerns a young matron who telephoned the old jewelry firm of Shreve, Crump & Low to find out about a dinner service that was ordered for her two years ago, as a wedding present. The gentleman with whom she was connected told her courteously but firmly that fine china is still extremely scarce and that he was

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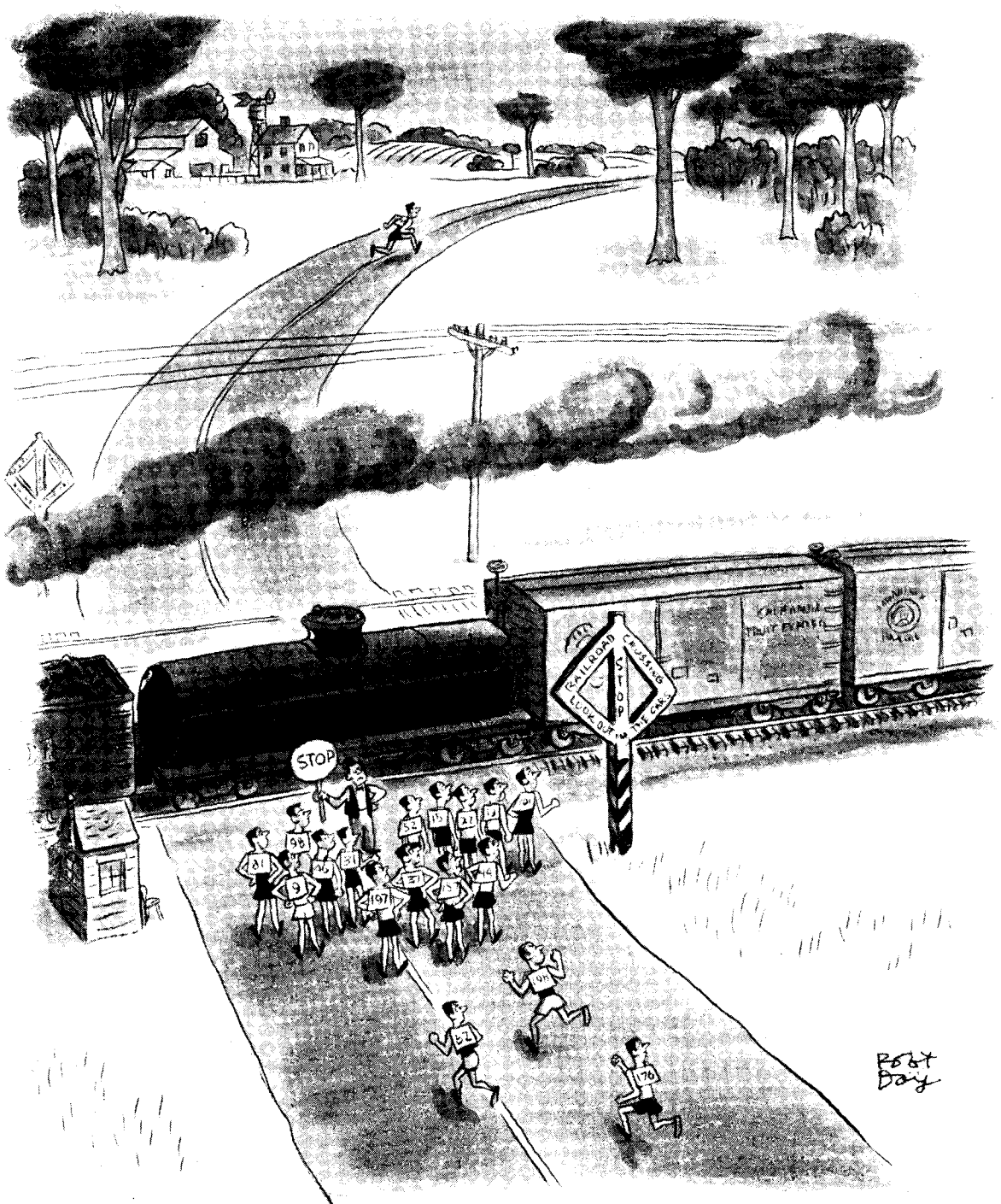
afraid she'd have to wait quite a while yet. The young lady said she was sorry to hear that, especially as she and her husband were planning to move from Boston shortly. The Shreve, Crump & Low gentleman immediately grew sympathetic and told her that, under the circumstances, he thought her name could be advanced on the waiting list. "You should have told us you were a hardship case," he said.

Honest

IN gathering the data for our recent item on how the subway turnstiles have been adapted to the ten-cent fare, which, as even the Eskimos must know, goes into effect next Wednesday at midnight, we fell to wondering what the Board of Transportation has been doing about the slugs and foreign coins that are dropped in the slots by slickers to save a nickel or a considerable fraction thereof. We have looked into the problem and find that it is a minor one. On an average, one slug, or other substitute for a nickel, has been turning up in each 26,500 fares; last year the harvest was 157,732 slugs, foreign coins, and mutilated coins out of fares totalling approximately $100,000,000. When the smaller coin slots go into use, the Board thinks, this percentage will drop to zero, and will remain there until such time as chisellers succeed in finding a satisfactory substitute for a dime. In the past, substitutes for nickels have more often been foreign coins than slugs, and most of these can be redeemed for substantial amounts. The majority are Canadian nickels, which the Board exchanges at eighty-five per cent of the value of an American nickel. (Foreign exchange always runs lower on coins than on currency, because of the expense of shipping.) Cuban nickels, another rather common substitute, net seventy-five per cent. Last year, the Board collected 28,461 foreign coins that weren't worth the bother it would have been to redeem them. They could have been sold to dealers in coins for twenty-five cents a hundred, but the Board preferred to get them permanently out of the way, along with the slugs, and thus make sure that they didn't show up in the turnstiles again. Money from practically every country on earth has been dropped in local turnstiles. Among the coins that have made fairly frequent appearances are Indian one-anna pieces, distinguished by their scalloped edges; Hong Kong ten-cent pieces; five-centavo pieces from Mexico, Nicaragua, and Honduras; fifty-centavo pieces from Brazil; twenty-centavo pieces from Argentina and Ecuador; Irish sixpences; various pre-World War I German coins; and Philippine twenty-centavo pieces, which the Board is always delighted to see, since they can be exchanged at the rate of six cents apiece.

Before the government called in gold coins, the subways used to collect a considerable number of five-dollar gold pieces every year, from absent-minded donors, and they still come in occasionally. Two, in fact, were found in turn-



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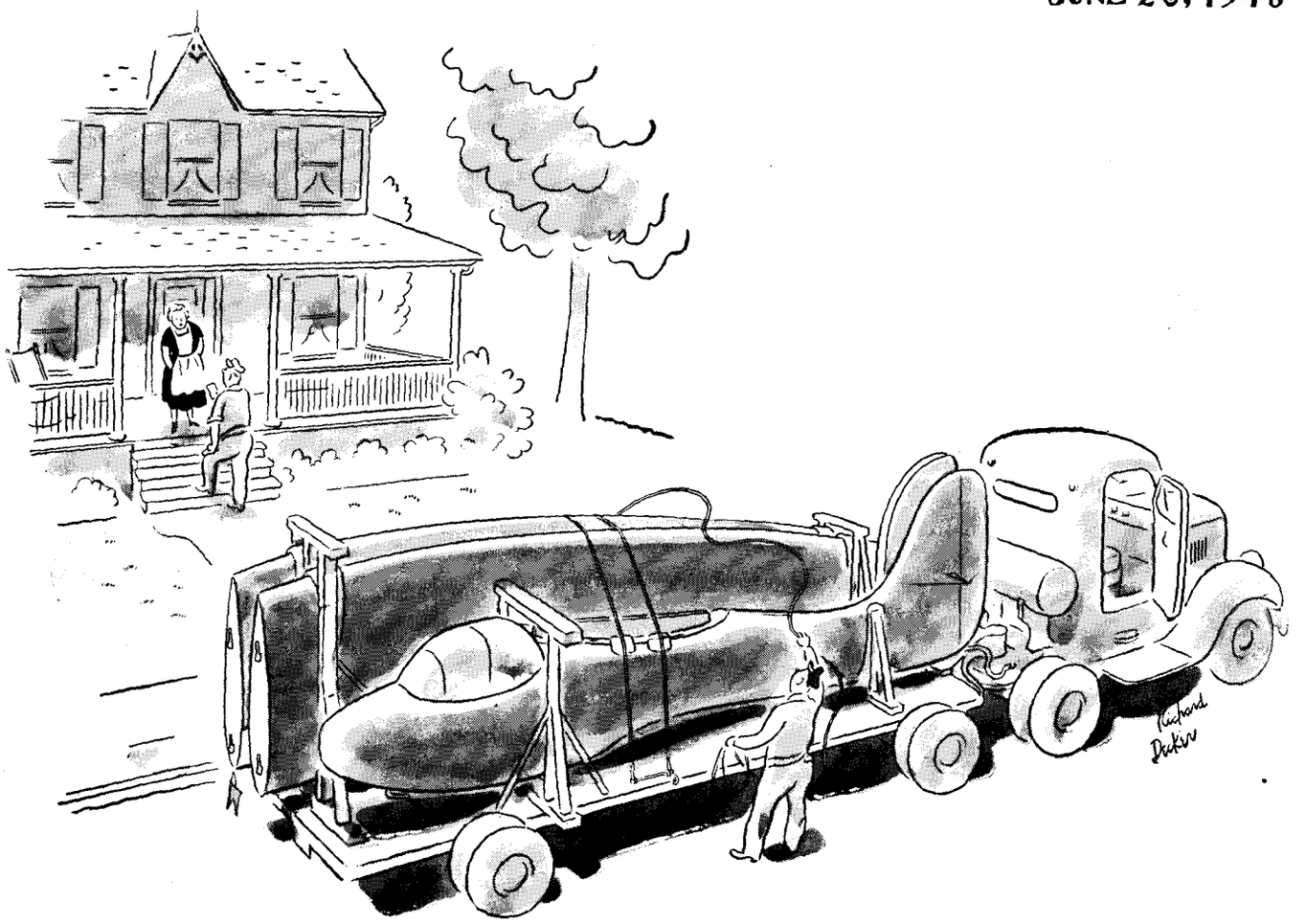

"Gracious! I ordered a porch glider."

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stiles early this month, but their owners were not so absent-minded that they didn't show up and exchange nickels for them. The ten-cent fare and the abandonment of trolleys are, between them, putting an end to a favorite device of children—flattening pennies on trolley tracks so that they'll fit in the turnstiles. The Board has never taken a total loss on these flattened coins; it has shipped them to the mint in Philadelphia and been reimbursed for them at full value, provided they were recognizable, as they usually were. The Board has taken a complete loss on nickels with holes bored in them or otherwise mutilated, which the government won't redeem, on two-headed and two-tailed nickels deposited by gamblers with their minds elsewhere, and on those trick nickels hollowed out on one side to hold a disc consisting of the head of a dime and the tail of a penny. Tokens from transportation systems in other cities have been cashed in.

Nearly all slugs are worthless, even as scrap metal. They are generally washers, bits of tin, campaign buttons cut down to size, and similar junk. [illegible] worth exchanging are put in bags and turned over to the Police Department, which sends a boat out into Long Island Sound annually to jettison firearms, gambling paraphernalia, narcotics, and other contraband collected during the year, and is glad to lend the Board of Transportation a hand by taking its slugs along and dumping them. During the metals shortage, the Board saved its slugs and foreign coins, thinking they might prove to be of some value, but last fall the accumulation of four and a half years—a ton and a quarter of slugs and half a ton of foreign coins—was tossed into a hole thirty-two fathoms deep, midway between Eaton's Neck, Long Island, and Norwalk, Connecticut. That is the deepest point in the Sound. The bags in which the coins and slugs are dumped are always slit before being thrown overboard, so there's not much chance of their contents' being fished up.

Frustrated

A YOUNG, newly appointed assistant to a sales manager had two important transactions on the fire simultaneously one afternoon last week, we are told. As he waited in his office for a telephone call that he expected would be conclusive about one deal, he got a call that necessitated his hopping uptown about the other one. He hustled out, after carefully instructing his secretary, who was also new to her job, to make a record of all incoming calls and to be particularly careful with whatever message might be left by a Mr. Manners, his opposite number in Deal No. 1. It was after five when he got back to the office, and the secretary had gone. On his desk he found the following memorandum:

Your wife called.
Mr. Naylor called. For no reason, he said.
Mr. Manners called and left a message.

Wahoo!

WE haven't talked with a real, genuine, gosh-a'mighty, just-call-me-Chuck civic booster for a good many years, but we made up for lost time, and more, when that delegation of sixty-eight State of Nebraska Junior Chamber of Commerce boosters recently sashayed into town. They turned up,

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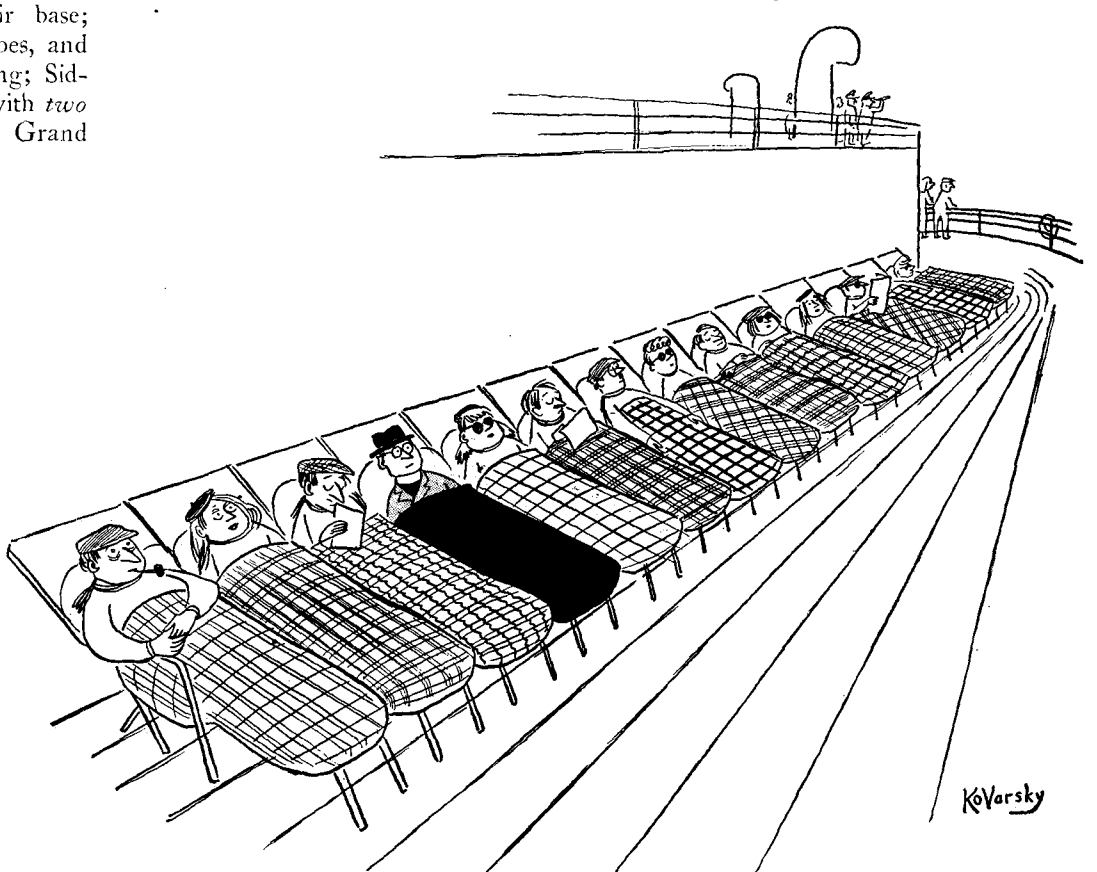
along with their families, in twenty-three motorcars, bearing such signs as "THE GREATEST COW COUNTRY IN THE WORLD—THIS IS NO BULL," met the Mayor, went to Radio City, visited the Statue of Liberty, and talked, for two straight days, and to anybody who would listen, about Nebraska, Nebraska, Nebraska. We exposed ourself on the delegation's last night in town, calling upon the caravan director, Mr. Ed Mullen, at his room in the Manhattan Towers Hotel. When we found him, a slim booster in his middle thirties, with an open face, he was in a state of exhilarated exhaustion. He gave us the Nebraska grip, bringing us to our knees. "What a time we've been having!" he said as we rose. "Don't let anybody tell you this great city has no heart! Why, man, New York is the beating heart of the world! Hospitality, generosity, kindness—why, man, we can't tear our wives away! They love it!" "Nebraska pretty nice place, too?" we asked. "Nebraska?" said Mullen, and a soft light came into his eyes. "Man, Nebraska is the hub of the world—more farm equipment, more mechanical potato diggers, more mechanical corn pickers than any other state in the Union. There's Omaha, Metropolis of the Midwest; North Platte, the Home of Buffalo Bill; Columbus, City of Power and Progress; Fremont, home of Mode-O-Day dresses; McCook—cattle and wheat; Kearney, with an air base; Scottsbluff—sugar beets, potatoes, and beans; Bridgeport—*what* fishing; Sidney, for the rodeo; Hastings, with *two* colleges; Alliance, Kimball, Grand Island, Lincoln; Falls City, the heart of the Jesse James territory; and Wahoo, the birthplace of Darryl F. Zanuck!"

The door to Mullen's room swung forcefully open and another booster entered, also slim and with a grip of steel. "Bernard Beeson, Fremont, Where Industry and Agriculture Meet," he said. "I'm connected with Fremont Municipal Power and Water, the biggest little power company in the land. Free enterprise, man, the hope of the country! That's what we're here to sell, free enterprise. Imagination, vim, vigor, vitality, know-how, and savvy lie behind this caravan. The young business element of Nebraska became aroused at last year's Junior Chamber of Commerce convention when the Texas delegation presented their president with fifty thousand dollars to sell Texas. We said to ourselves, 'We'll sell Nebraska!' Businessmen from all over the state banded together, man, and the caravan is the fruition of the dream." Mullen cleared his throat. "Food processors, hotel managers, dentists, grocers, soft-drink bottlers, telephone workers, grain dealers, wholesale-paper men, implement dealers, parts distributors, county attorneys—all steamed up, all Nebraskans, all in the caravan!" he said. "Right, Ed!" said Beeson, carrying on. "Well, sir, we'll have been on the road sixteen days and have visited twenty cities selling Nebraska opportunity and free enterprise by the time we get back to Omaha. What a sight—that caravan stretched out three miles, the cars seventy-five feet apart! At Niles, Michigan, the Governor gave us the whole afternoon. We run this caravan into Marshalltown, Iowa, and from behind trees and bushes the Jay Cees—those are the Junior Chamber fellows—leap out and drag our president from his car. Said they were going to give him a fair trial and hang him, but they let him go after some horseplay."

When the laughter had cleared away, we asked the Messrs. Beeson and Mullen what Nebraska means, especially, to New York. "We have the world's largest coöperative creamery," said Mullen. "We have decentralized factories, man," said Beeson. "In case of trouble—war, I mean—you people will be bombed fast. Our plants, being farther west, will give the country more time." "Rivers, warehouses, and a healthy labor market," said Mullen. "Farm boys," said Beeson, "raised with the skill and the ability to fix *anything* with nothing but a pair of pliers and a piece of baling wire." "Raw materials, an abundance of pure drinking water, no sales tax, no bonded indebtedness, no state income tax," said Mullen. "And young men," said Beeson, "who believe in free enterprise and the abundant life, and who have the vim, the vigor, and the vitality . . ."

Dividend

THE parents of a young lady just back from Wellesley were wondering, audibly and openly, last week whether she should be offered a cocktail before dinner when the subject of the discussion herself spoke up, taking the position that the question was academic. She was already familiar with cocktails, she explained, having had two Martinis at Harvard. Her father inquired what effect they had had on her. She said none that she'd noticed. "Of course," she added, "I had them two weeks apart."



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A VIEW OF EXMOOR

FROM Bath, where Mr. Finch was taking the waters, the Finches travelled by car into Devonshire to attend the wedding of Mrs. Finch's niece, Arminella Blount. This was in 1936, when weddings could be garish. The Finches made a very creditable family contribution—Mrs. Finch in green moire, Cordelia and Clara in their bridesmaids' dresses copied from the Gainsborough portrait of an earlier Arminella Blount in the Character of Flora, Mr. Finch in, as his wife said, his black-and-gray. Arden Finch in an Eton suit would have looked like any normal twelve-year-old boy in an Eton suit if measles had not left him preternaturally thin, pale, and owl-eyed.

All these fine feathers, plus two top hats, an Indian shawl to wrap around Arden in case it turned cold, and a picnic basket in case anyone felt hungry, made the car seem unusually full during the drive to Devonshire. On the return journey it was even fuller, because the Finches were bringing back Arminella's piping bullfinch and the music box that was needed to continue its education, as well as the bridesmaids' bouquets. It was borne in on Mr. Finch that other travellers along the main road were noticing his car and its contents more than they needed to, and this impression was confirmed when the passengers in two successive charabancs cheered and waved. Mr. Finch, the soul of consideration, turned in to a side road to spare his wife and daughters the embarrassment of these public acclamations.

" 'Pember and South Pigworthy,' " Mrs. Finch read aloud from a signpost. "The doctor who took out my tonsils was called Pember. It's so nice to find a name one knows."

Mr. Finch replied that he was taking an alternative way home. After a while, he stopped and looked for his road map, but couldn't find it. He drove on.

"Father," said Cordelia a little later, "we've been through this village before. Don't you think we had better ask?"

"Is *that* all it is?" said Mrs. Finch. "What a relief. I thought I was having one of those mysterious delusions when one half of my brain mislays the other half."

Mr. Finch continued to drive on. Arden, who had discovered that the bars of the bird cage gave out notes of varying pitch when he plucked them, was carrying out a systematic test with a [illegible] able to play "Rule Britannia." Cordelia and Clara and their mother discussed the wedding.

Suddenly, Mrs. Finch exclaimed, "Oh, Henry! Stop, stop! There's such a beautiful view of Exmoor!"

Ten-foot hedges rose on either side of the lane they were in, the lane went steeply uphill, and Mr. Finch had hoped that he had put any views of Exmoor safely behind him. But with unusual mildness he stopped and backed the car till it was even with a gate. Beyond the gate was a falling meadow, a pillowy middle distance of woodland, and beyond that, pure and cold and unimpassioned, the silhouette of the moor.

"Why not," Mr. Finch said, taking the good the gods provided, "why not stop and picnic?" It occurred to him that once the car was emptied, the road map might come to light.

THE Finches sat down in the meadow and ate cucumber sandwiches. Arden wore the Indian shawl; the bullfinch in its cage was brought out of the car to have a little fresh air. Gazing at the view, Mrs. Finch said that looking at Exmoor always reminded her of her Aunt Harriet's inexplicable boots.

"What boots, Mother?" Cordelia asked.

"She saw them on Exmoor," Mrs. Finch said. "She and Uncle Lionel both saw them; they were children at the time. They were picking whortleberries—such a disappointing fruit! All these folk-art fruits are much overrated. And nobody's ever been able to account for them."

"But why should they have to be accounted for?" Clara asked. "Were they sticking out of a bog?"

"They were in a cab."

"Your Aunt Harriet—" Mr. Finch began. For some reason, it angered him to hear of boots being in a cab while he was still in doubt as to whether the map was in the car.

"Of course," Mrs. Finch went on, "in those days cabs were everywhere. But not on Exmoor, where there were no roads. It was a perfectly ordinary cab, one of the kind that open in hot weather. The driver was on the box, and the horse was waving its tail to keep the flies off. They looked as if they had been there quite a long time."

"Days and days?" Arden asked.

"I'm afraid not, dear. Decomposition had not set in. But as if they had been there long enough to get resigned to it. An hour or so."

"But how could Aunt Harriet tell how long—"

"In those days, children were very different—nice and inhibited," Mrs. Finch said. "So Aunt Harriet and Uncle Lionel observed the cab from a distance and walked on. Presently, they saw two figures—a man and a woman. The man was very pale and sulky, and the woman was rating him and crying her eyes out, but the most remarkable thing of all, even more remarkable than the cab, was that the woman wasn't wearing a hat. In those days, no self-respecting woman could stir out without a hat. And on the ground was a pair of boots. While Harriet and Lionel were trying to get a little nearer without seeming inquisitive, the woman snatched up the boots and ran back to the cab. She ran right past the children; she was crying so bitterly she didn't even notice them. She jumped into the cab, threw the boots onto the opposite seat, the driver whipped up his horse, and the cab went bumping and jolting away over the moor. As for the man, he walked off looking like murder. So what do you make of that?"

"Well, I suppose they'd been wading, and then they quarrelled, and she drove away with his boots as a revenge," said Clara.

"He was wearing boots," said Mrs. Finch.

"Perhaps they were eloping," Clara said, "and the boots were part of their luggage that he'd forgotten to pack, like Father, and she changed her mind in time."

"Speed is essential to an elopement, and so is secrecy. To drive over Exmoor in an open cab would be inconsistent with either," said Mr. Finch.

"Perhaps the cab lost its way in a moor mist," contributed Arden. "Listen! I can do almost all the first line of 'Rule Britannia' now."

"But, Clara, why need it be an elopement?" Cordelia asked. "Perhaps she was just a devoted wife who found a note from her husband saying he had lost his memory or committed a crime or something and was going out of her life, and she seized up a spare pair of boots, leaped hatless into a cab, and tracked him across Exmoor, to make sure he had a dry pair to change into. And when Harriet and Lionel saw them, he had just turned on her with a brutal oath."

"If she had been such a devoted wife, she wouldn't have taken the boots away again," Clara said.

"Yes, she would. It was the breaking point," Cordelia said. "Actually,

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"You know, sometimes I can't help wondering if Mr. Lawrence really did go to South America."

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though, I don't believe she was married to him at all. I think it was an assignation and she'd taken her husband's boots with her as a blind."

"Then why did she take them out of the cab?" inquired Clara. "And why didn't she wear a hat, like Mother said? No, Cordelia! I think your theory is artistically all right. It looks the boots straight in the face. But I've got a better one. I think they spent a guilty night together and, being a forgetful man, he put his boots out to be cleaned and in the morning she was hopelessly compromised, so she snatched up the boots and drove after him to give him a piece of her mind."

"Yes, but he was wearing boots already," Cordelia said.

"He would have had several pairs. At that date, a libertine would have had hundreds of boots, wouldn't he, Mother?"

"He might not have taken them with him wherever he went, dear," said Mrs. Finch.

Mr. Finch said, "You have both rushed off on an assumption. Because the lady drove away in the cab, you both assume that she arrived in it. Women always jump to conclusions. Why shouldn't the cab have brought the man? If she was hatless, she might have been an escaped lunatic and the man a keeper from the asylum, who came in search of her."

"Why did he bring a pair of boots?" Cordelia asked.

"Ladies' boots," said Mr. Finch firmly.

"He can't have been much of a lunatic-keeper if he let her get away with his cab," Clara said.

"I did not say he was a lunatic-keeper, Clara," said Mr. Finch. "I was merely trying to point out to you and your sister that in cases like this one must examine the evidence from all sides."

"Perhaps the cabdriver was a lunatic," said Arden. "Perhaps that's why he drove them onto Exmoor. Perhaps they were *his* boots, and the man and the woman were arguing as to which of them was to pay his fare. Perhaps—"

Interrupted by his father and both his sisters, all speaking at once, Arden returned to his rendering of "Rule Britannia." Mrs. Finch removed some crumbs

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"This looks like a good spot."

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and a few caterpillars from her green moire lap and looked at the view of Exmoor. Suddenly, a glissando passage on the bird cage was broken by a light twang, a flutter of wings, a cry from Arden. The cage door had flipped open and the bullfinch had flown out. Everybody said "Oh!" and grabbed at it. The bullfinch flew to the gate, balanced there, flirted its tail, and flew on into the lane.

It flew in a surprised, incompetent way, making short flights, hurling itself from side to side of the lane. But though Cordelia and Clara leaped after it, trying to catch it in their broad-brimmed hats, and though Arden only just missed it by overbalancing on a bough, thereby falling out of the tree and making his nose bleed, and though Mr. Finch walked after it, holding up the bird cage and crying "Sweet, Sweet, Sweet" in a falsetto voice that trembled with feeling, the bullfinch remained at liberty and, with a little practice, flew better and better.

"Stop, all of you!" said Mrs. Finch, who had been attending to Arden, wiping her bloodstained hands on the grass. "You'll frighten it. Henry, do leave off saying 'Sweet'—you'll only strain yourself. What we need is the music box. If it hears the music box, it will be reminded of its home and remember it's a tame bullfinch. Arden, dear, please keep your shawl on and look for some groundsel, if you aren't too weak from loss of blood."

The music box weighed about fifty pounds. It was contained in an ebony case that looked like a baby's coffin, and at every movement it emitted reproachful chords. On one side, it had a handle; on the other side, the handle had fallen off, and by the time the Finches had got the box out of the car, they were flushed and breathless. His groans mingling with the reproachful chords, Mr. Finch staggered up the lane in pursuit of the bullfinch, with the music box in his arms. Mrs. Finch walked beside him, tenderly entreating him to be careful, for if anything happened to it, it would break Arminella's heart. Blithesome and cumberless, like the bird of the wilderness, the bullfinch flitted on ahead.

"I am not carrying this thing a step further," said Mr. Finch, setting down the music box at the side of the lane. "Since you insist, Elinor, I will sit here and play it. The rest of you can walk on and turn the bird somehow and drive it back till the music reminds it of home."

Clara said, "I expect we shall go on for miles."

Seeing his family vanish around a bend in the lane, Mr. Finch found himself nursing a hope that Clara's expectation might be granted. He was devoted to music boxes. He sat down beside it and read the list of its repertory, which was written in a copperplate hand inside the lid: *Là Ci Darem la Mano; The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls; The Prayer from "Moïse;" The Copenhagen Waltz.* A very pleasant choice for an interval of repose, well-earned repose, in this leafy seclusion. He ran his finger over the prickled cylinder, he blew away a little dust, he wound the box up. Unfortunately, there were a great many midges, the inherent pest of leafy seclusions. He paused to light a cigar. Then he set off the music box. It chirruped through three and a half tunes and stopped, as music boxes do. Behind him, a voice said somewhat diffidently, "I say. Can I be any help?"

Glancing from the corner of his eye, Mr. Finch saw a young man whose bare ruined legs and rucksack suggested that he was on a walking tour.

"No, thank you," Mr. Finch said. Dismissingly, he rewound the music box and set it going again.

AROUND the bend of the lane came two replicas, in rather bad condition, of Gainsborough's well-known portrait of Arminella Blount in the Character of Flora, a cadaverous small boy draped in a bloodstained Indian shawl, and a middle-aged lady dressed in the height of fashion who carried a bird cage. Once again, Mr. Finch was forced to admit the fact that the instant his family escaped from his supervision they somehow managed to make themselves conspicuous. Tripping nervously to the strains of "The Copenhagen Waltz," the young man on a walking tour skirted around them and hurried on.

"We've got it!" cried Mrs. Finch, brandishing the bird cage.

"Why the deuce couldn't you *explain* to that young man?" asked Mr. Finch. "Elinor, why couldn't you explain?"

"But why should I?" Mrs. Finch asked. "He looked so hot and careworn, and I expect he only gets a fortnight's holiday all the year through. Why should I spoil it for him? Why shouldn't he have something to look back on in his old age?"

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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THE LOTTERY

THE morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took only about two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

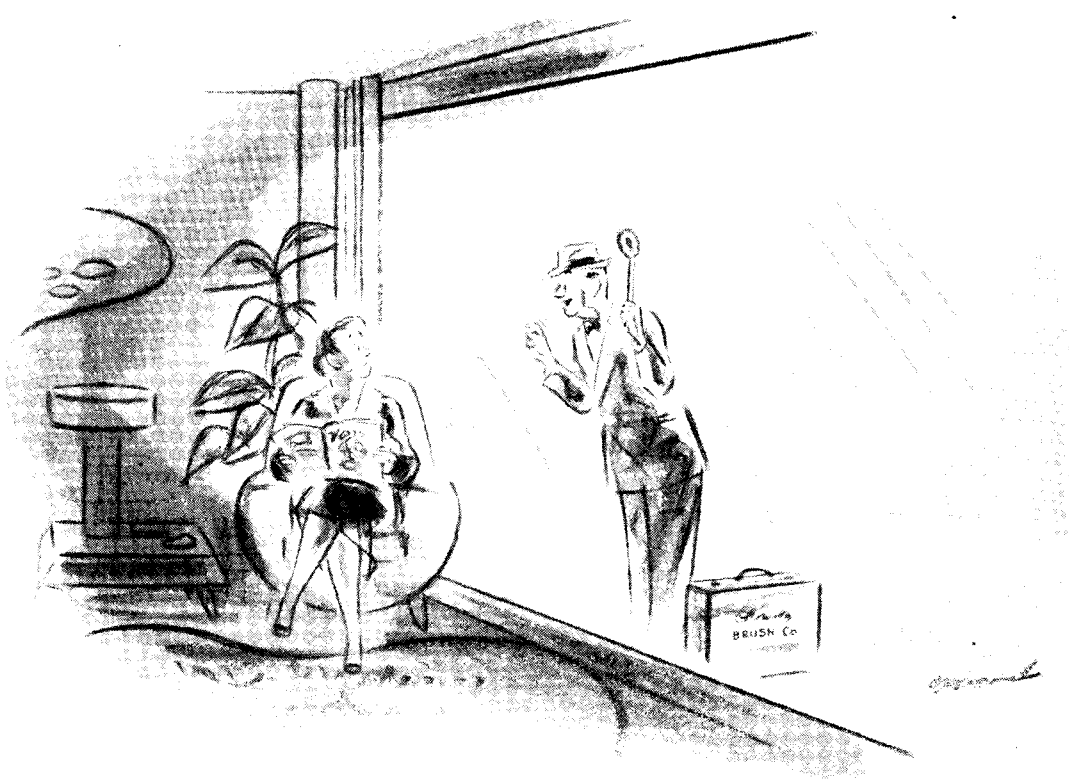
The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix—the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"—eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted—as were the square dances, the teen-age club, the Halloween program—by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?," there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and



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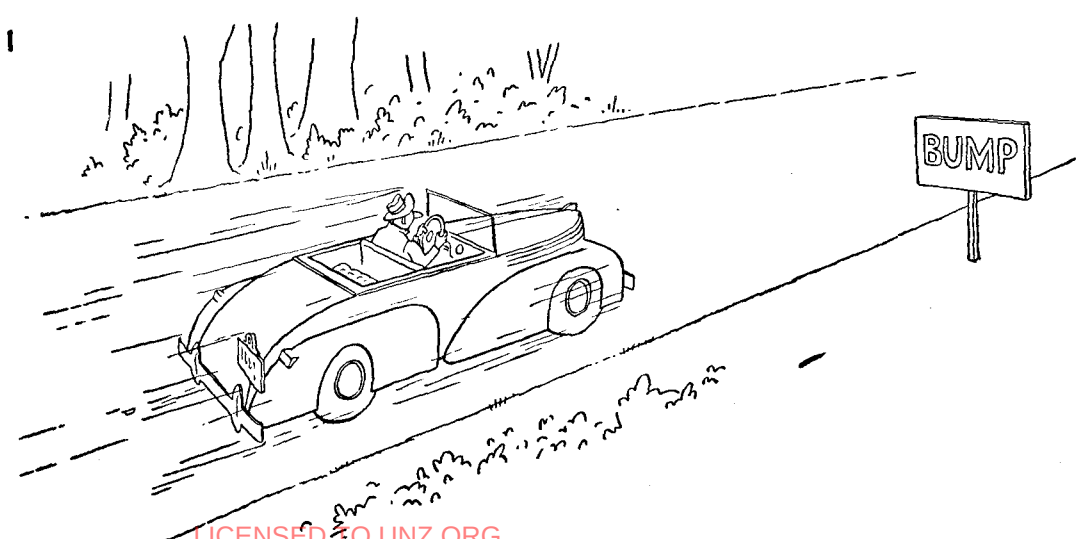
Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them into the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves' barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was



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membered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Mrs., Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for m'mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A SUDDEN hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart

from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson. . . . Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark. . . . Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt. . . . Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for *them*. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live *that* way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's *always* been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in *that*," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke. . . . Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

AFTER that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?," "Who's got it?," "Is it the Dunbars?," "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make *them* take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't *fair*," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't *fair*. You didn't give him time enough to choose. *Everybody* saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected

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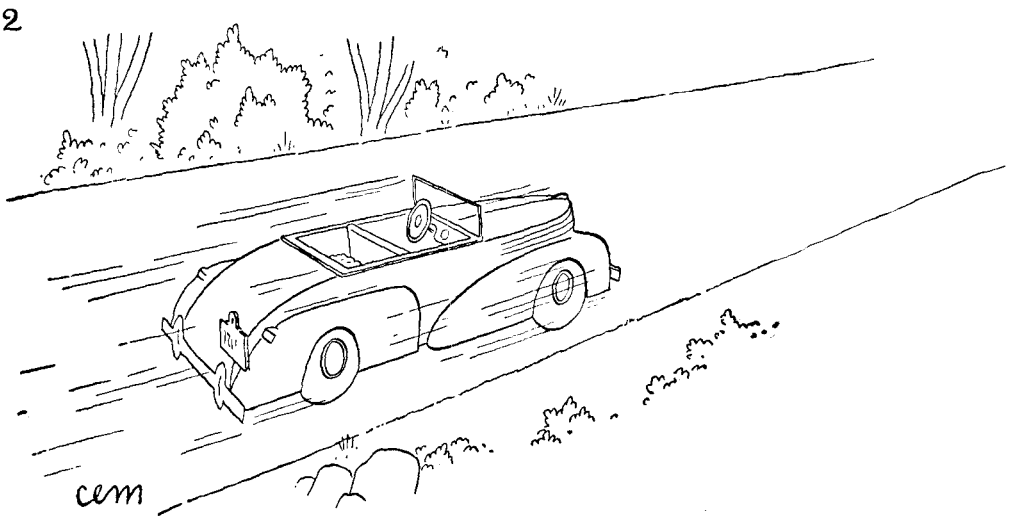

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the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just *one* paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her. —SHIRLEY JACKSON

GRASSE: THE OLIVE TREES

Here luxury's the common lot. The light
Lies on the rain-pocked rocks like yellow wool
And around the rocks the soil is rusty bright
From too much wealth of water, so that the grass
Mashes under the foot, and all is full
Of heat and juice and a heavy jammed excess.

Whatever moves moves with the slow complete
Gestures of statuary. Flower smells
Are set in the golden day, and shelled in heat,
Pine and columnar cypress stand. The palm
Sinks its combs in the sky. This whole South swells
To a soft rigor, a rich and crowded calm.

Only the olive contradicts. My eye,
Travelling slopes of rust and green, arrests
And rests from plenitude where olives lie
Like clouds of doubt against the earth's array.
Their faint dishevelled foliage divests
The sunlight of its color and its sway.

Not that the olive spurns the sun; its leaves
Scatter and point to every part of the sky,
Like famished fingers waving. Brilliance weaves
And sombres down among them, and among
The anxious silver branches, down to the dry
And twisted trunk, by rooted hunger wrung.

Even when seen from near, the olive shows
A hue of far away. Perhaps for this
The dove brought olive back, a tree which grows
Unearthly pale, which ever dims and dries,
And whose great thirst, exceeding all excess,
Teaches the South it is not paradise.

—RICHARD WILBUR

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"For heaven's sake, man! I've got two thousand cakes in the oven."

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A REPORTER IN ARGENTINA

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE

IN Argentina, life mirrors art, and the classic pulp romance of our time may well turn out to be "The Fabulous Adventures of Juan and Eva Perón, or Love Conquers All." Not long ago, I spent a few weeks in and around Buenos Aires, where I was exposed to several chapters of it. For high drama, low comedy, surprise twists, and sheer corn, no hothouse, formula plot could surpass it. Every element of the successful pulp love story is present, including the necessary audience of devoted and semi-stupefied fans. The central characters are almost too good to be true. First, there is Juan Domingo Perón, a dashing, brave, handsome, forthright, and intelligent Army officer. He is a colonel, but he gets tired of being just a soldier and becomes a Friend of the People. He helps overthrow the government, becomes a general, puts through Reforms, straightens his tie, and is legitimately elected President for a six-year term. Then he cleans out his Enemies, tries to solve the Economic Problem, and rules with a benevolently iron hand, never forgetting his beloved People. He's a sort of Robin Hood type, only he speaks Spanish. Then there's the petite, blond Eva Duarte de Perón. She is of humble origin. She leaves the Farm and comes to the Big City, where she struggles to become a radio actress. One night, at a gay party, she meets Juan. It's positively love at first sight. You might think, to look at her, that Eva is just a frivolous kid, but deep down inside she, too, is a Friend of the People, and bursting with Reform. Eva and Juan marry. They live happily in the Presidential Mansion. She now has fine furs and satins, and lots of big, sparkling diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. It's a dream come true. But Eva never forgets the Poor. She and the President, who love not only each other but the People, slave night and day doing good works and destroying the Enemies of the People. And so it goes, week after week after week. Wow!

On my first day in Buenos Aires, I was lunching in a restaurant on one of the main downtown streets, sampling a practically raw seventy-five-cent sirloin the size of a telephone book, when I looked out the window and saw a long parade of trucks that had halted, snarling traffic. The drivers were just sitting in their cabs, grinning and blowing their horns. On the sides of each truck were crude posters bearing pictures of red hearts pierced by arrows, and, mingled with the hearts, inscriptions reading: "Eva, We Love You," "Eva and Juan, a Blessed Couple," "You Will Go to Heaven, Eva and Juan," and so on. I had read a good deal about Latin sentimentality, but this seemed a bit thick. Figuring that it was a satiric attack on the administration and perhaps the beginning of a revolution, I quickly paid my check and went out into the street to get a closer look. Hundreds of people, mostly pale, thin little men with tiny black mustaches, were glancing at the posters as they rushed past, presumably on their way to a steak lunch. Hundreds of other people were peering from the windows of the tall, modern buildings along the street. The unceasing sound of the horns, the truck drivers' foolish grins, and the mocking, insolent signs shimmering in the bright sunlight gave the scene a momentous and historic air. I hugged the side of a building and awaited the arrival of the police. "This is it," I thought. "The Perón police will come. They will destroy these seditious posters. Heads will roll." I stood there for quite a while. The police did not come. The only policeman I saw was standing on a white wooden platform in the middle of the nearest intersection, and he was simply shrieking at the driver of a huge bus, who, delayed by the cavalcade of trucks, had begun to honk *his* horn. Fortunately, I caught sight of a North American friend of mine, a long-time resident of Argentina, in the crowd. I grasped his arm. "Revolution?" I asked, pointing at one of the signs. "Revolution, hell," he said. "Just a demonstration of affection. The trucking union is about to strike. They want to make certain in advance that Juan and Eva are on their side." He looked again at the signs. "Very good," he said. "*Properly* affectionate. They'll probably win the strike." Suddenly, I had been introduced to the world's snappiest romance—a curious and back-door introduction, like reading the fan mail before reading the story.

Within a few days it became apparent that the public display of affection for their rulers by the truck drivers was merely an even exchange for the public display of affection their rulers show for the people. In Argentina today, it's love, love, love. Love makes the Peróns go round. Their whole act is based on it. They are constantly, madly, passionately, nationally in love. They conduct their affair with the people quite openly. They are the perfect lovers—generous, kind, and forever thoughtful, in matters both large and small. Their love is all-encompassing, ever present. It settles like a soft blanket over the loved ones, providing warmth and protection and the opportunity for a good, long sleep. Wherever one goes, one sees and hears manifestations of this love. Take the newsreels. I saw a number of newsreels in Buenos Aires, and all of them showed the Peróns courting the people. There was Señora Perón moving slowly among some orphans, smiling and bending down to kiss a poor urchin on the cheek. There were the Señor and the Señora aboard a ship, drinking a toast, all the others present seemingly aglow with the reflection of their joy. There was the Señor in his Presidential office with some delegation or other, walking over and embracing the leaders.

No matter where I went in Buenos Aires, posters stared at me from walls and billboards, picturing either the President by himself ("Perón Fulfills His Promises") or Mrs. President by herself ("Flagbearer of the Workers") or both together, just as a handsome couple (no caption). The newspapers, with a few exceptions, helped along the romance. Day after day, pictures of the President and his wife filled their pages. "PERON TAKING A GIGANTIC STEP IN HIS CREATIVE WORK; HE IS DEVOTING HIMSELF COMPLETELY TO CARRYING OUT HIS PROGRESSIVE AND DYNAMIC PLAN" and "OUR COUNTRY IS AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD" were typical headlines. At the top of one page of a paper, I would read that the workers in a light-and-power company had raised a hundred thousand pesos (twenty-five thousand dollars) to aid Señora Perón in her social work; in the middle of the page, that the international basketball series, opening that evening, was dedicated to General Perón; and at the bottom of the page, in a box, a quotation from the General,

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proving that love is often more than hugs and kisses: "We will have to build everything on pain, sacrifice, and work." Everywhere, I heard the same stories: how Señor Perón is at his desk each morning by six-thirty and does not leave until seven or eight at night; how Señora Perón arrives early at *her* office, in the Undersecretariat of Welfare and Labor; how she receives from ten to twenty delegations of farmers, laborers, and sheepherders a day; how she attentively listens to their problems and comforts them with advice or a promise that their demands will be granted; how she has worn herself to the point of anemia by her untiring social work; how, when she travels around the countryside, she is greeted as though she were a saint; how the people blow kisses at her and call her "Blessed One" and "Little Madonna," and how she, in return, often leans from the train window and tosses sweet cakes and bottles of cider at the crowd; how she visits a poor neighborhood sporting her richest finery and brightest jewels (unlike most politicians, who would turn up in the oldest things they owned), saying to right and left, "You, too, can have these things someday. I once had nothing;" how, when she begins a radio address by saying, "My dear, dear shirtless ones," she speaks in such an inexpressibly low, sad, haunting voice that people who listen, even if they're wearing shirts, feel themselves slipping under her spell.

"You're very kind, sir, but I'm waiting for a bus."

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THE affectionate and reverent Perón stories have become part of the legend of contemporary Argentina. It makes little difference whether they are true. Being twentieth-century folk, and employing twentieth-century public-relations techniques, the Peróns know that the big idea is to get talked about and to stay talked about. Every two-bit breakfast-club star in Radio City is familiar with the axiom that any publicity, good or bad, is better than none. Many of the Peróns' enemies are not aware of the axiom. They, too, tell stories about the Señor and the Señora, but their stories are neither affectionate nor reverent. Among the members of the "oligarchy"—the great landowners and aristocrats of Argentina—the relating of juicy items (especially juicy when it comes to the Señora) has become almost an obsession. Many of them spend their evenings whipping themselves into hysteria by exchanging gossip about the regime. Nothing could please the Peróns more. Señora Perón frequently compares herself to Mrs. Roosevelt, calling attention to their similarly ubiquitous social-welfare activities. She clinches her point by telling the ill-informed that the idle rich hate her the way the idle rich hate Mrs. Roosevelt in the United States.

One week, I had dinner on three successive evenings with three different members of the oligarchy, and I heard the same type of story each evening. Oligarch A had learned that the Señor and the Señora were splitting up. Just that morning, he had heard from a man who knew a man who had a friend who worked in the President's office, in the Casa Rosada, that the Señora often screamed at the President and that her voice could be heard far down the corridor outside his chambers. This split, Oligarch A continued, was quite in line with the rumor that the Señora coveted the Presidency herself and had secretly ordered the printing of hundreds of thousands of posters bearing her picture and the words "The First Woman President." "When the time comes," Oligarch A said, "she will poison him." Oligarch B was also flushed with rumor. The President, he said, was fascinated by the Señora. In her presence, he acted like a lovesick adolescent. At official dinner parties, she would endlessly relate details of her famous trip abroad last year, and the President would clap his hands at each tiresome incident and cry, "Wonderful, wonderful!" Oligarch C had been told that the President was tired of the Señora and was considering giving her the gate. When she insisted on boring dinner guests with reminiscences about her trip, he would ostentatiously drop his chin onto his chest and make rude snoring sounds.

Certain stories, I discovered, were staples. Had I heard that when the Señora autographed pictures, she always misspelled most of the words of her inscription; that the Señora had left huge unpaid bills behind her in Rome; that every evening after work she repaired to the Central Bank, where she drank "real French champagne" with the directors and plotted the undermining of the nation's financial structure; that she carried about with her several million pesos in cash, in a little black bag; that she had recently bought a $2,250,000 diamond from Cartier's, in Paris; that at dinner parties she admired the jewelry of other female guests with such feline emphasis that she invariably was presented with it before the end of the evening?

Gossip, rumor, tongue-wagging, and behind-the-scenes remarks have always been important in Argentine political life. It is characteristic of Latin-American countries that facts are hard to

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come by. Argentines, with or without Perón, have a contempt for facts. To them, an Anglo-Saxon's search for, and emphasis upon, facts is merely another sign of the fundamental narrowness of his mind and the bleakness of his soul. Argentines consider rumors more effective than facts, and, equally important, they also consider them more fun and more conducive to a healthy outlook on life. They have been conditioned to this point of view by generations of corrupt governments that did not consider them worthy of knowing the facts and left them no alternative but to depend on rumors. The oligarchs, once content to let the people wallow in rumor, are reduced to wallowing in rumor themselves. It is now their turn to be without facts. They cry for them, demand them, point out the dangers inherent in a regime that does not circulate them, but few will listen. The mass of the people would not know what to do with a fact if they got their hands on one.

Perón has inherited this situation, understands it, and has made the most of it. He knows that what his people want is not facts but affection, the feeling that their government is looking after them, and with the aid of a highly efficient propaganda machine, he fills this want. "Don't worry, kids," he says, in effect. "Mama and Papa love you and are working for you." In the circumstances, the rumors spread by the oligarchy are as futile as stories whispered by a mean, discredited uncle to well-fed children about their doting parents. The children merely become increasingly devoted to their parents. It is possible that the kids, in the name of love, are being hoodwinked. The Peróns have given their children many advantages in life—a semblance of social security, and better pay and working conditions, to name some—but in the process they have neglected to teach the children to think for themselves. The children get only the reforms the Peróns believe are good for them, and when the Peróns feel like it. "Right now things may seem good to a number of my countrymen," an intelligent Argentine said, "but wait until the people want to reform the reforms of the Peróns. They will then look about them—at their courts, their press, their radio, their labor and they will find they have been reformed into a strait jacket."

ONE does not encounter in Buenos Aires today the orthodox trappings of a dictatorship. Lurid and sensational reports to the contrary, a visitor feels no cold breath of terror, no weight of secret police. There are no restrictions on travel; people move about freely. Opponents of the regime have no fear of speaking to foreigners, meeting them at their hotels, or inviting them to their homes. There are no concentration camps, and, as far as a stranger can make out, no political prisoners. There are even dead-set opponents of the regime who admit that the continued existence of these liberties may indicate a tendency on Perón's part to listen more to the moderates among his associates and less to the admirers of the *heil* type of government. And yet a heavy air of depression and dejection pervades the city. This is partly the result of the natural melancholy of the Argentines. They are normally a sad people, much given to thoughts of death and disaster, and show little of the gaiety ascribed to them in travel brochures and Hollywood musicals. But there is something more in their present mood. I encountered the feeling mostly among intellectuals—students, writers, artists—people who might be considered exceptionally sensitive to trends of national feeling. Almost to a man, they were depressed by a sense of inevitability, frustration, and gathering darkness. "We are all lice in a louse-ridden world," an Argentine poet said to me one afternoon. (I am betraying no confidence, since every second Argentine is a poet.) He was eating *dulce de leche*, a thick, caramel-like mixture of sugar and milk. "We are trapped, caged, and helpless," he continued. "It is like one of those terrible dreams in which someone is strangling you but your arms are so heavy you cannot lift them and you try to shriek in terror and cannot utter a sound." Not everyone was as vague about his melancholy as this poet. A lawyer expressed his discontent to me in a more explicit way. He, too, was eating *dulce de leche*, at a *confiteria* near his office. "On this continent," he said, "we are accustomed to the dictator type of rulers—ruthless, arrogant strong men. It is a woeful tradition. But this man Perón, he is a dictator of another type. Today, he is subtle, devious, charming. He does not come out in the open and crack skulls, as he once did. He does his work silently and cynically. You see, there is so little we can put our hands on these days—everything he does is in the name of 'democracy' and 'social betterment'—and yet we sense the smell of evil in the air, and the thin ledge on which we walk."

Being an outsider, I did not find it quite so easy to smell the evil in the air. Well-informed opponents of the regime admit that even they sometimes have difficulty picking up the scent. They can't be sure what is happening, but they do know what has already happened. Their opposition is based on the logical assumption that a government capable of performing certain acts is capable of repeating them and enlarging upon them. Perón, for example, has browbeaten many opposition newspapers into submission or else suppressed them. There have been some spectacular cases of browbeating in Buenos Aires, where about two dozen daily and several weekly and bi-weekly papers are published. *La Razón*, a prominent Buenos Aires evening daily, expressed for a long time opinions hostile to the Peróns. One day, a group of municipal inspectors descended upon the paper's offices. Some had come to inspect the books of the company, others to inspect the washrooms, others to test the elevators, turn the fire extinguishers upside down to see if they worked, and poke around the electrical wiring. They threw the book at *La Razón*. They found numerous violations, and they fined the paper hundreds of thousands of pesos. They were really disgusted because there was no electric fan in one of the offices. *La Razón's* management scurried about and installed a fan. "Definitely not big

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enough," said the inspector of fans. The management removed the fan and ordered a larger one. Next day, the fan inspector was back. "Where's the fan?" he asked. He was told he damn well knew where the fan was—it was on order. "Violation," said the inspector. "There is no fan." Another whopping fine. *La Razón* paid up, installed a larger fan, and, filled with an understandable weariness of spirit, decided to abandon its editorial page. The newspaper no longer expresses any opinions of any kind about anything.

There have been some spectacular cases of suppression, too. Last summer, at the Inter-American Defense Conference in Petrópolis, near Rio de Janeiro, the nations of the Western Hemisphere agreed to assist one another in resisting aggression. *Provincias Unidas*, an Argentine weekly newspaper of the opposition Radical Party (not very radical), accused the Argentine delegation of meekly following the dictates of Secretary of State Marshall. Perón had been waiting for an opportunity to silence *Provincias Unidas*, and he saw his chance. An executive order of the Ministry of the Interior suspended publication of *Provincias Unidas*, on the ground that its point of view was an "offense against the people of the Western Hemisphere and could cause damage to the policies of the good neighbor." *Provincias Unidas* is still suppressed, and the Argentine government has not yet ratified the Petrópolis agreement. Suppression of a paper by executive order was a bold step, even for the Peróns, and too easily criticized. They never did it that way again. For subsequent suppressions, they relied upon more oblique methods, notably the putting of strong government pressure on shops in which those opposition journals that didn't have their own presses were printed. "Print that paper and you'll never print anything else," they tell a shop owner. "We'll just close you down. Don't ask us why or how. We can easily find reasons." The temporary advantage always lies with tyranny; it is difficult to go out of business for the sake of a principle or in the defense of another man's editorial opinions. Using this method, the Peróns have closed down, among other publications, *Tribuna Democratica*, the official organ of the old-line, ultra-conservative National Democratic Party; *El Hombre Libre*, the paper of the Progressive Democratic Party; and *Argentina Libre*, a small intellectual, nonparty journal of high standing. *Argentina Libre*, informed by its printer in Buenos Aires that he could no longer turn out the paper, found a print shop in La Plata, a large industrial city thirty-five miles from the capital. After the La Plata shop had brought out one issue, it was closed by municipal authorities, in the name of social welfare. It was found to lack proper washroom facilities for the workers. The shop was a small one; it was operated by the owner with the help of one employee.

Another victim was *La Vanguardia*, a weekly, the official paper of the Socialist Party and one of the leading opposition journals of Argentina. It nettled the Señor by arguing that many of his social-reform measures were window dressing, the Señora by impudent, brash personal attacks on her. The Peróns closed *La Vanguardia* down, giving it the A treatment. Three charges were brought against it: (1) that the sound of its printing presses at night violated a municipal anti-noise measure, a weapon chosen by the Peróns with cool irony, since the anti-noise ordinance had been sponsored some years back by the Socialists; (2) that the loading of papers into delivery trucks tied up traffic on the block; and (3) that the pressroom, bless us, lacked proper first-aid equipment. *La Vanguardia* said that it would stop printing during the night and avoid loading during hours when traffic was heavy. The management called the authorities' attention to the fact that several newspapers down the block (none of them anti-Perón) ran their presses after sundown and loaded their papers without official rebuke. It also remarked that *Octubre*, a stridently pro-Perón paper on the same street, had a large loudspeaker outside its offices that several times a day, and throughout the evening, blared forth news items. Furthermore, *La Vanguardia's* owners agreed to install quantities of iodine, adhesive plaster, gauze bandage, and aromatic spirits of ammonia in the pressroom. Over a period of seven weeks, *La Vanguardia* filed ten protests, but to no avail. One of them accused the government of issuing counterfeit copies of *La Vanguardia* containing pro-Perón editorials, to trick readers into thinking that the paper had seen the light. The genuine *La Vanguardia* is now clandestinely published each week, and here

"... most any little song or jingle would gain her confidence. Don't you know a single nursery rhyme?"

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and there in Buenos Aires people showed me copies.

Sometimes, as happened in the case of *Qué*, a weekly journal rather like *Time*, little more than the wrath of the Señora causes the suppression of a journal. The Señora, while climbing the golden ladder to earthly success, played bit roles in movies that starred Libertad Lamarque, one of Latin America's popular actresses. Libertad was always the leading lady, Eva the briefly glimpsed face in occasional scenes. Libertad was a gone goose as soon as Eva reached the top rung. For one thing, Eva forbade the government, which controls the allotment of raw film, to sell any to producers hiring Libertad. Libertad went to Mexico to make her movies, and her success has continued throughout Latin America, except for Argentina, where her pictures are banned. Partly, no doubt, to annoy Eva, *Qué* printed a feature story about Libertad and put her picture on the cover. La Señora got wind of the project, and *Qué's* printers refused to permit the distributors to remove the issue from their plant. *Qué* has never been published since.

There are other ways of controlling the press. One method has been for the government, which controls the flow of newsprint, to threaten to divert it from unfriendly to friendly papers. Then, all bank loans must be cleared through the Central Bank of Argentina, which was nationalized in March, 1946. Anti-Perón papers have learned that they have as much chance of borrowing money from the banks as Kerensky would have of putting the bite on Stalin. From time to time, the Post Office has refused to distribute journals expressing anti-government views. There are quite a few appropriations in the budget whose purpose is not stated, and it is known that some of the money goes to subsidize newspapers that gladly and unofficially serve as organs of government propaganda. Moreover, the government has created an Undersecretariat of Press and Radio, again in the best strong-government tradition, to take a paternal interest in the type and tone of political news. Free access to primary news sources is increasingly denied newspapermen. More and more, they must [illegible] from the Undersecretariat. Official press conferences consist of the distribution of mimeographed communiqués presenting the government point of view and, generally, containing a lively series of imaginary questions and answers, as though there had been a brisk colloquy between a government official and the newspapermen. Reporters often amuse themselves on their way back to their offices with the communiqués by reading the questions they didn't ask and the answers that were never made.

Freedom of expression is also limited by the licensing system for radio stations. All of them operate, naturally, on temporary licenses granted by the government. Nothing so crude as political pressure is applied to them; they merely understand that the broadcasting of anti-government news or opinions will mean a revocation of their license. It is also understood that no one is to speak against the President or his wife, or, for that matter, against anything. News commentators can say only what they are *for*. At ten-thirty in the morning, one-thirty in the afternoon, and eight-thirty at night, the government broadcasts, without paying for the time, its own news program over all stations in the country. The programs are in reality a defense of the government and a denunciation of its enemies. Radio people have learned not to express political opinions indiscriminately off the air, either. Niní Marshall, a radio actress much beloved in Argentina for her portrayal of Catita, a working girl, done in the broad accents of her class, engaged in anti-Perón activities during the Presidential campaign of 1946. When Perón was elected, the character of Catita was barred from the air because she was a degrading influence on public taste; her language (the everyday speech of thousands in Buenos Aires) was "slang," said the government, and therefore she set a bad example for the people. In this case, the Peróns loved the people so much that they forbade them to listen to themselves talking. With a gesture of Latin magnificence, Catita delivered her farewell over the air in Castilian Spanish so classically pure that few officials in the government knew what she was saying. Niní Marshall broadcasts today from Montevideo, a mere twist of the dial from Buenos Aires.

THE labor unions have their troubles, too. Here one runs up against a manifestation of the Peróns' love that has been most welcomed, because as workers the Argentine people have been least loved. The welfare of the Argentine worker had always been of small importance to the landholding and entrepreneur classes and the governments representing them. Then along came Perón to improve economic conditions. Wages have been doubled, often trebled. Paid vacations, bonuses, rest homes, and summer camps for workers are realities, not dreams. The pay of workers on *estancias*, the vast Argentine cattle ranches, has jumped from forty pesos a month, plus board, to from eighty to a hundred and forty pesos a month. Opponents of the regime admit these gains but ask one to note the price at which they have been won. The rise in the cost of living, they point out, has paralleled the wage increases and sometimes exceeded them. They also urge one to consider the loss of independence by the unions and the growing dependence of labor on the government for any gains. With few exceptions, strikes have been successful only if the government wished them to be. The General Confederation of Labor, the largest group of workers in the country, which claims a membership of three and a half million, may appear to have attained Nirvana, but if it

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ANTOINETTE PERRY

has, this is a queer Nirvana indeed. Perón loves the General Confederation with such ardor that he wants it near him, and much of its business is conducted in a room close to his office in the Casa Rosada. There, three military men on the President's staff, with the help of a mimeograph machine and piles of the Confederation's stationery, issue labor edicts and labor news in the name of the Confederation. A few months ago, the Pan-American Labor Conference in Lima, Peru, condemned the subservience of the Confederation to the government. The Confederation issued an immediate reply. It came from the room in the Casa Rosada, and Confederation leaders knew nothing about it until they were given copies of it. Unions that play the government's game have little difficulty, but those that maintain a measure of independence find the going rocky. Many of the taxi-drivers of Buenos Aires were once members of an old anarcho-syndicalist union of the type that tells everyone to go hang just for the hell of it. Perón, knowing that they were an unruly crew, felt that they should be brought into line. He formed an opposition union, put pro-Perón drivers at the wheels of opposition cabs, and caused the passage of a series of city ordinances designed to exasperate the anarcho-syndicalists. When the anarcho-syndicalists continued to drive around, the government instituted gas rationing and issued cards only to members of the pro-Perón union. Six weeks later all the cabdrivers were members of one big, happy union. Occasionally, to break a union, Perón puts it in the hands of a federal interventor, who manages its affairs on behalf of the government. The union of the municipal workers of Buenos Aires has been run by an interventor for more than two years. The fifty-year-old union of office workers of Córdoba Province was intervened last January, its charter annulled, and its right to represent the workers cancelled. Perón often arbitrarily settles a strike in favor of the union. Several months ago, just before the congressional elections, workers in the dairy trade made large demands upon management. Government representatives met with management and acknowledged that the demands were excessive. They announced, however, that a settlement in favor of the workers was deemed necessary by Perón and that management should make the sacrifice. The government then decided to pay the increased cost itself, by giving a subsidy to management. Management was to settle the strike and grant the demands. The government contrived to recoup at least part of the cost of the subsidy a week or so later, when the ice manufacturers complained that the price of ice, set by the government once a year, barely covered their cost of production. The government said it would be delighted to permit a rise in the price, on the condition that the manufacturers pay the government, in a lump sum, ten thousand pesos for every centavo rise per kilo in the cost to the public. The deal was accepted, the price of ice rose twenty centavos, and the government netted two hundred thousand pesos. A parvenu group of industrialists enjoys special under-the-table privileges, but the ordinary businessman is controlled at every turn and operates under a law, designed to forbid "speculation," that contains so many vague generalities that he is liable to prosecution for day-to-day business activity should he fall into disfavor with the regime.

In their great love for the people, the Peróns have meddled with the affairs of the universities, and many professors have resigned or been removed. The government always denies exerting any pressure. Not long ago a professor at the University of Tucumán complained, in a speech, that professors were unable to speak their minds without fear of being thrown out of their jobs. Government spokesmen called the man a liar, and the university, to prove the justice of their contention, fired him.

THOUGHTFUL Argentines are most disturbed by Perón's tinkering with the courts. They point out that civil liberties are, at best, a tenuous possession and that they rest upon the independence of the judiciary. Perón has demonstrated his awareness of this. Several months after being elected President, he decided that the Argentine Supreme Court stood in his path. Some Court judges, therefore, must be got rid of. Perón chose a quaint reason for their dismissal. The Court, he said, had failed miserably in its judicial duties by neglecting to declare the government in which he played the leading role illegal during its revolutionary period, before his legal election to the Presidency. A court like that, he insisted, could not be trusted. Upon his recommendation, Congress threw three of the judges out. One of the replacements is Perón's brother-in-law, the husband of a sister

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of the Señora. Perón has made a point of replacing some judges who had jurisdiction over civil-rights cases, and those who remain have taken the hint and are following the government line. One day the courts will sustain the suppression of a newspaper, the next day the suppression of a union. A few months ago, a union in Mar del Plata, a prominent seaside resort, went on strike in sympathy with the striking bus drivers there. The union's building was raided, and the police claimed they found there pamphlets making fun of the President and materials suitable for the manufacture of a small bomb. Union officials went before a local judge, denied the charges, and claimed illegal entry and the violation of its basic civil rights. The judge preferred to avoid discussing the pamphlets, the bomb, or the civil rights. He uncovered a long-neglected edict of the Undersecretariat of Welfare and Labor, said the union had violated it, and fined the union one hundred thousand pesos. To pay it, the union was forced to sell its building.

Hundreds of such bizarre acts make opponents of the Peróns wonder whether a definite pattern or plan is being unfolded in their country. One group feels that the President and his wife are merely improvisers, zigzagging from action to action, doing one thing at five o'clock and another at six, and that their only goal is the retention of power. Another group, perhaps more penetrating, detects in the Peróns' policies a slow, subtle, conscious, masterly, blueprinted scheme for inflicting upon Argentina a permanent dictatorship, with all the trimmings. "I cannot explain, I can only feel," an elderly Argentine told me. "What I feel chills my fingertips. The Peróns are like some misty pair who stand before a master control board in a huge and glistening powerhouse. On the board are hundreds of switches, controlling every single enterprise and every single person in the nation. The Peróns shrewdly pull one switch at a time, stepping up the current gradually. Some switches they have never pulled. What matters is that it's up to them, and someday they may turn on all the current and pull all the switches. And outside the powerhouse some people will helplessly resist, many people will feel the electricity pass through them with a sense of false exhilaration, and still others, accustomed to smaller jolts, will not even know what has happened. The last two groups are truly tragic, for the Peróns have wooed and bewitched them until they have lost their identity as freethinking men."

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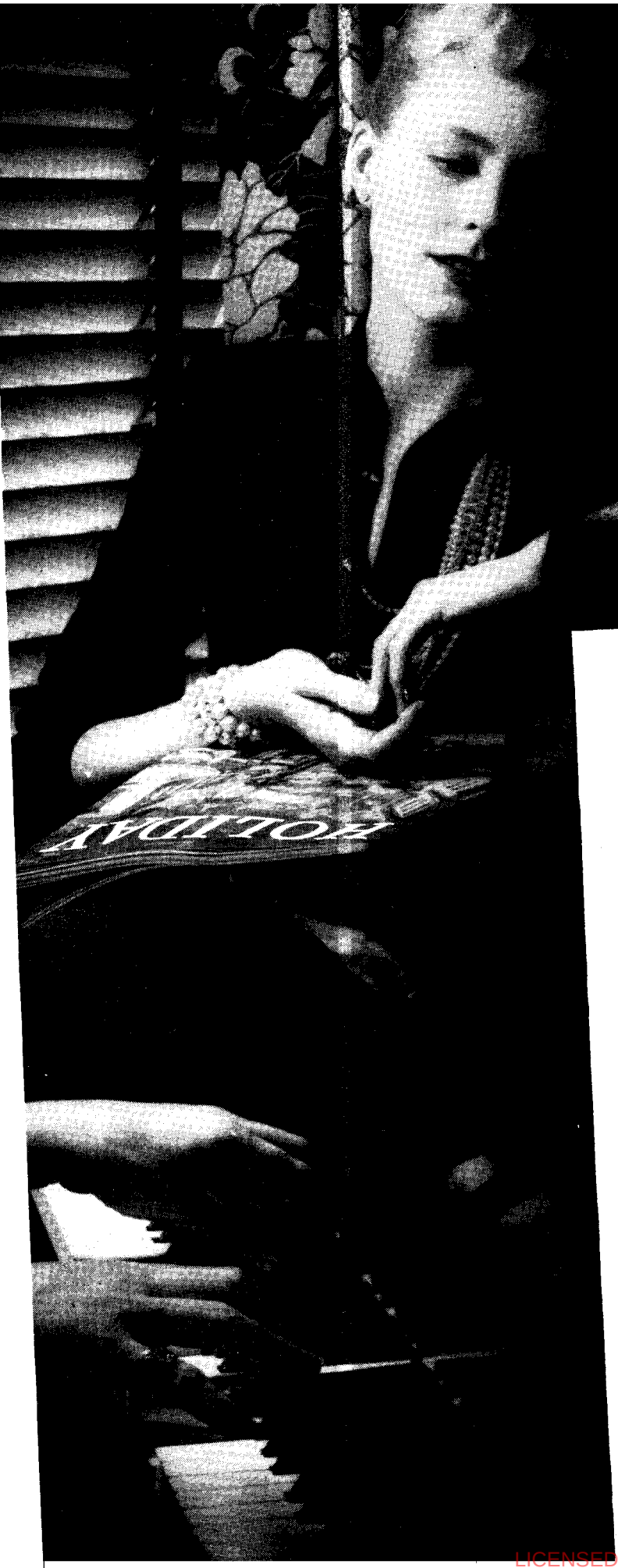

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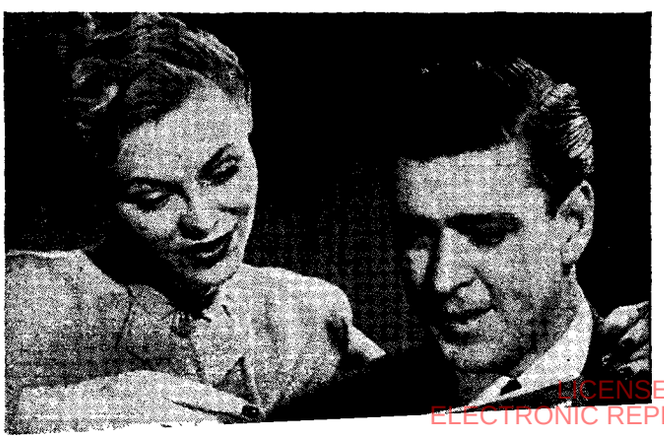

Holiday's more than 800,000 families are America's most responsive new market. Why? Here are seven contributing factors:

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3. Holiday is read by *all* the family . . . equally interesting to men and women.
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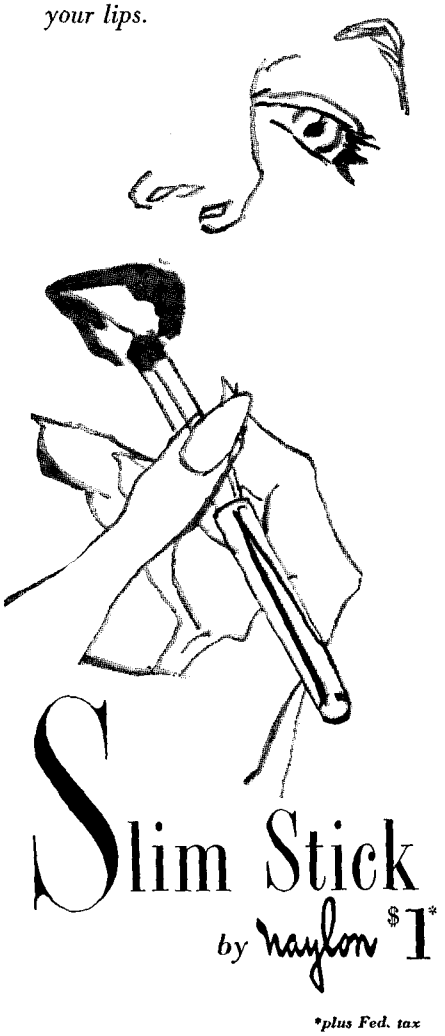
NEW

long Naylon Lipstick that you'll love! Not too wide, not too thin, it outlines and fills in your lips at the same time... SLIM STICK is easier to use, works smoothly. Lovely polished metal case—just the right length. And always the lovely Naylon colors that match Naylon nail enamel...with that famous Naylon "double-process" texture that stays closer to your lips.



Slim Stick by Naylon $1*

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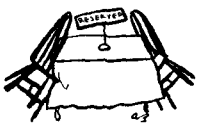
TABLES FOR TWO

Just a Song at Midnight

THE current guiding notion among night-club proprietors seems to be that in the month of June the customers want to relax and hear a lady sing a song, a principle that has produced a longer list of accomplished voices than we're likely to come across again in these parts for years. The tide of comics, young men with guitars, and even of ballroom dancers has suddenly receded, leaving Maxine Sullivan high on the shores of Central Park South, Nan Wynn on Fifty-fifth Street, and Hope Emerson in Greenwich Village, as well as several old favorites stashed away here and there around town. An equally impressive personality (though the name is less familiar) is that of Suzy Solidor, who can be found at the Versailles, after fifteen consecutive years at La Vie Parisienne, on the Rue Sainte Anne. Miss Solidor probably seems sedate, almost impassive, by Paris standards, but I found myself wondering as I watched her whether any American girl as blond and tall as she is could make so many gestures and assume so many poses without appearing ridiculous. In one song, for instance, called "Le Petit Rat de l'Opéra" (the rat, I gathered, is figurative), Miss Solidor pretends to be a pair of horses trotting up to the opera house, a gentleman with a monocle and a cane easing himself out of a carriage, and a pirouetting ballet dancer, without once interrupting her flow of words. Her gestures are magnificently timed, and executed in a manner as stylized as Gilbert and Sullivan, but the lyrics of her songs—all but one of them in French—are often far too complicated to be followed by anyone whose acquaintance with the language is limited to the prop conversations in Chardenal. A couple of her numbers are slow and sentimental—or, rather, slow and lugubrious, in that peculiarly French vein of despair—and in the one I remember best, which Miss Solidor sang with a black scarf tied, sailor-fashion, around her throat, I was able to distinguish that the sky was dark and forbidding and that the sea was very gray. A brochure that I found on my table informed me that as a little girl breathing the misty Breton sea air Miss Solidor "learned to love the sea and the men who sail it," which accounts, I suppose, for the scarf. Altogether, I liked her throaty bass and the tunes she chose, most of which were fresh and contagious. I got a feeling that this was the real thing, not a watered-down, Americanized version of what people are listening to in Paris.



THE only new thing about Maxine Sullivan is her environment, the Penthouse Club, and since she creates, to a large extent, a relaxed and sympathetic atmosphere wherever she appears, I'd say the environment is altogether satisfactory. At around ten-thirty, the lights go out, a candle is placed on each of the fortunate tables that line the windows overlooking the Park, and Miss Sullivan appears, in a cloud of perfume. Without a movement, save a gentle inclination of her head, and without a variation of her expression from a half-preoccupied, half-expectant smile, she sings, say, the simple English ballad about Jackie Boy among the leaves so green-o; several witty numbers, including "A Man Can't Love a Mackerel" and my old favorite, "I Never Cried So Much in All My Life;" and several sweet ones, of which the sweetest, "A Fellow Needs a Girl," won't stand much explanation. At the risk of infringing on the soap advertisements, I'd say that Miss Sullivan's most characteristic quality is purity—of voice, manner, and content. Perhaps some measure of engaging fallibility is lacking, but certainly few singers can match her for simplicity.

EVEN at the Blue Angel, a place where, as a rule, at least one man in the show picks at a harp or manipulates dummies, the present fashion of lady singers prevails. You'll find there a newcomer, Nan Wynn, and an old-timer, Josephine Premice, as well as Phil Gordon, who is clearly no lady but indubitably a singer. Mr. Gordon is practically a fixture at the establishment, and I should think that by now almost everybody has heard him carol "Trout, No Doubt" while accompanying himself on the piano. His songs are all what has come to be known as "clever," and sometimes they are also amusing. He rattles them off so rapidly that there is no time to lose interest in one before he's off on the next, like a youthful and less ribald Dwight Fiske. As for Josephine Premice, the Haitian calypso girl, she's almost as much fun to see as to hear. She rolls her eyes and shakes her shoul-

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ders in a way that I take to be genuinely tropical, and adds to her act a touch of her own humor. Nan Wynn, the newcomer I mentioned, won me as an admirer by setting a Dorothy Parker poem to a wonderful, sprightly new tune and putting it over with just the right hard-boiled but sentimental tone. She is, moreover, graceful, dark-haired, and extremely pretty.

HOPE EMERSON, at Number One Fifth Avenue, is as vigorous and commanding as a camp director, although her songs aren't exactly suitable for the youngest group. "I'm going to sing a song!" she'll shout at the patrons, and darned if they don't quiet down just as docilely as if they were in a recreation hall. Miss Emerson's song is apt to deal with radio commercials or the pleasures of summer weekends, and she brings it off in a natural, self-confident manner and in a voice that can be heard across Washington Square on a clear night. Appearing with her at Number One are two comedians (singing comedians, of course) named Lee Goodman and Jim Kirkwood, who won an amateur contest there a few weeks ago. I found it hard to believe that they had started their careers so recently. Their first few numbers, on such topics as Hildegarde getting mixed up in her languages, and neighbors annoying one another in an apartment house, seemed only average to me, but they wound up with a version of Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance" that I thought remarkable. It involved sabres, vegetable strainers, belts tied tightly around their dinner jackets, and the lyrics of "Night and Day" and "Honeysuckle Rose." Mr. Goodman has a thin, funereal face, and Mr. Kirkwood looks like a cupid—very promising attributes for a successful professional career.

TWO more: Mildred Bailey and Ella Fitzgerald, at, respectively, Café Society Downtown and the Three Deuces. There is nothing, I'm sure, that I can tell you about these ladies except that nobody can equal them at heating up a song till it bubbles—Miss Bailey by threading her way through some really exceptional phrasing in a soft, wispy voice, and Miss Fitzgerald by applying bounce and energy to her work. They make it look so easy, too.—F. L.

•

MAN LEARNING JOB
BLOWS ROOF OFF PLANT
—*The Herald Tribune.*

Give him time, give him time.

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

NEXT TIME HICCOUGHS hit somebody, try this: Say to the victim sharply and seriously, "What's your uncle's middle name?" I've never seen this simple little trick fail after all other methods, such as blowing in paper bags, drinking, holding ears and others have. Don't ask me to explain why it functions, but it does . . . Sign on a loan company's office: "You Are at Debt's Door". . . Aha! Another argument in favor of my no-exercise convictions: Muscular fatigue, say the medical experts, affects the stomach lining and makes it more vulnerable to the action of the acid-pepsin mixtures in stomach juices which aid ulcer formations. The best thing to do is just—lie down.

★

BRIGHT NEW WORLD is right: Now comes a table lamp that needs no switch. To turn the light on, all you have to do is approach it and shout, "Bright," and the lamp begins to function . . . "What should I see when I come to Minneapolis?" Hundreds of people ask that question in letters to our Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. To help answer the inquiry, the chamber has prepared some maps and booklets which they will now send out in a very handsome folder on request.

★

THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING: Wonder if we'll ever have a convertible whose top will spring back into place automatically at the first sprinkle of rain . . . Seems sort of foolish to add the word "step" to ladder, inasmuch as there is no other kind of ladder . . . Can't remember the last time I changed a tire. I suppose we should change one in the backyard just for practice. I know I have no idea where they put the jack now with all these new-fangled contraptions on cars. Maybe I'd better look to see whether I have a jack . . . Why is it that sagging stockings will make a woman look sloppier than any other wardrobe weakness? . . . Somebody set me to thinking the other day with this query: Where does the white go when a snowflake melts? . . . Women should love to iron. The results of labor are so evident in ironing that it should be a joy. There's hardly a wife, though, who doesn't mumble, "Why does he have to wear so many shirts every week?" . . . Wonder if surgeons suffer a feeling similar to stagefright just before they begin a major operation . . . If a choice were available, I think I'd rather be a snorer than a teeth-grinder.

★

CARD PLAYERS, HERE'S how your favorite game fits into the national picture: Rummy is the card game that most people have played. Forty-six per cent of the people in the United States have played a form of rummy at one time or another. Next in order of popularity is solitaire—43 per cent have played that. Poker comes next with 37 per cent; pinochle follows with 37 per cent; hearts with 33; contract bridge with 31, and gin rummy with 26 per cent. The survey, conducted by a playing card manufacturer, also revealed that when asked what game they played the last time they played cards, contract bridge was on top with pinochle, rummy, gin rummy and solitaire following in that order . . .

★

I'M NOT MUCH of a statistics man myself, but Minneapolis has racked up such a remarkable retail trade increase record that it merits mention. According to a Commerce Department survey, our fair city ranked third in the nation in retail trade increases this spring. Such business increases are indications of the continuing growth and rising importance of the Upper Midwest and the favorite newspapers of that region —**The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).

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This bottled B and B is blended in Bénédictine's own cellars—where genuine Bénédictine is carefully combined with selected Cognac Brandy . . . then laid away to fuse thoroughly before bottling . . . to give you B and B of uniform excellence!

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OF ALL THINGS

THE management of the Republican Convention has given evidence of a nice sense of balance. The official schedule called for three days of words, to be followed by one of deeds.

•

In mad haste, Congress last week passed many poor bills and failed to consider many important measures. This betrays a lamentable weakness for putting everything except adjournment off to the last possible minute.

•

President Truman had a fine time on his Western trip, but the fun is over. Now he has to study a lot of bills, settle the coal war, and listen to radio programs from Philadelphia.

•

The selective-service act passed by Congress is to go into effect ninety days after it becomes a law. This means that our young fellows will begin to feel a draft just when the campaign gets hot.

•

Philadelphia is embarrassed by charges of large-scale graft in its G.O.P. municipal administration. With company coming to town, it would have been better to sweep this mess under the rug.

•

These have been happy and busy days in the ivy-covered halls of learning. Never before in history have our professors got so many students off their hands at one time.

•

Mayor O'Dwyer has gone for a long ride on a tramp steamer, but he will be back before July 1st, when the subway fare will go up. He wants to be on hand to watch his constituents spare a dime.

•

New York has outlawed pin ball on the ground that it breeds graft and corruption. We had always supposed that the game bred nothing but entertainment, and very little of that.

•

The new currency that has gone into circulation in western Germany is expected to be a stable medium of exchange. From now on, American cigarettes will be used principally for smoking.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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DINNER
SUPPER

CY WALTER
at the piano during supper

LES CROSLEY
plays during cocktails, dinner

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Traditionally
fine cuisine in one of New York's most famous settings. Table d'Hote luncheon, dinner.
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ON THE COURTS

Open Wider, Please

I THINK it is fair to say that the United States Lawn Tennis Association is as eager to do well at the gate as any of the other amateur-sports bodies in the country. I don't mean to accuse the Association of avarice; it wants to increase its revenue for the altruistic purpose of furthering amateur tennis. Since it is dependent on gate receipts, I don't see how it can continue much longer to turn proudly away at the suggestion that its members be permitted to mingle with the professionals in open tournaments. The standard arguments against this idea are that the amateurs' amateurism would be jeopardized and that they would gain little or nothing in the way of experience. Neither argument seems to make very much sense. Open golf tournaments have been held for half a century or more, and amateur golfers are, for the most part, as unmercenary a group as you could wish to see. Without question, their play has benefited from competition with the pros. If the Association wants proof that the play of tennis amateurs would benefit similarly, it can look at one of its own alumni, Jack Kramer, who was the world's outstanding amateur before he yielded to the blandishments of promoter Jack Harris last fall and agreed to start making something like a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Kramer improved his game noticeably as a result of his first professional tour, with Bobby Riggs. So did Pancho Segura and Dinny Pails, the other members of the troupe, who turned pro when Kramer did. Now I come to the clincher, which struck me after watching the National Professional Championships, at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, last week. Gate receipts depend upon the colorfulness of the players as much as upon their skill and competitive drive. Practically all the colorful players of the past decade—Kramer, Riggs, Donald Budge, Fred Perry, and Frank Kovacs, to name a few—have turned professional; Frank Parker and Ted Schroeder, our ranking amateurs, are fine players but are as colorful as a couple of soft-shelled clams. Open tournaments would, consequently, be helpful to all interested parties. Both the Association and the pros would increase

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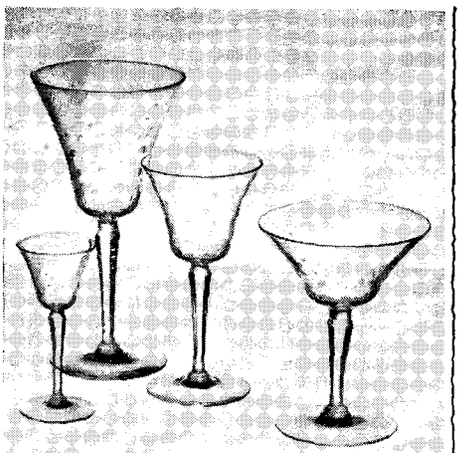

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their exchequers, the amateurs would increase their ability, and the public, come to think of it, would be pleased, too.

APPROPRIATELY, Kramer, the new professional champion, was involved in both the matches that I considered the best played of the week. It was surprising (because professional tournaments are almost always perfectly seeded) that the nearest he came to defeat was in the quarter-finals, in which he played Welby Van Horn, whose prospects the seeding committee had held to be exceedingly slim. Van Horn, who served astonishingly well throughout, took the first set handily, but no one was especially startled, because Kramer is sometimes slow to get going. However, after Kramer had barely squeezed through the second set, at 16–14, and had dropped the third, the spectators began the screaming that is customary at Forest Hills when an upset seems likely. Kramer came within a point of losing his serve in the eleventh game of the fourth set, and the screaming threatened to drown out the comings and goings of trains on the nearby Long Island Railroad. The Long Island's ascendancy in decibels was not convincingly reestablished until Kramer broke through Van Horn's service in the ninth game of the deciding set.

Budge's loss to Kramer in the semi-finals must have been one of the most distressing events in his long career. He had trained for this match like a prize-fighter, with daily roadwork and a special diet. He had had long advisory sessions with Walter Pate, former Davis Cup captain and one of the great analysts of the game. He had figured that at his age—almost thirty-four—he would have to win in four sets or less, and he very nearly did. He took two of the first three, and after the intermission he broke Kramer's service for a lead of two games to one in the fourth set. Kramer came right back, though, and won Budge's serve in a game in which he made an all but impossible volleyed return of a Budge smash, and the end was in sight. In the fifth set, Budge was too exhausted to move his racket effectively and won only one point, something I don't believe has happened to him since he was eight.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

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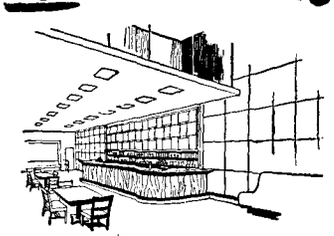

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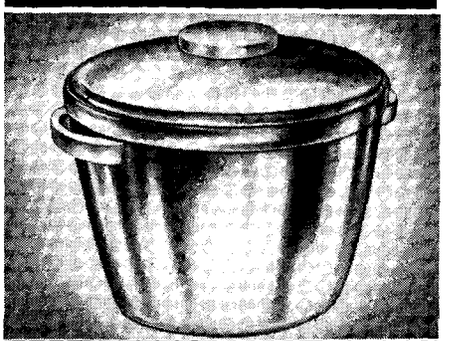

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

HIGHLY thought of though it is, most contemporary Swedish furniture encounters criticism in this country for both the intensity of its outer polish and the unfinished, almost rough appearance inside its drawers. For years, American decorators have been qualifying their very real enthusiasm for the work of Swedish cabinetmakers with these objections, apparently to no effect. This rather captious preamble is by way of getting my foot in the door to tell you about some delightful Swedish pieces, with mat surfaces and carefully finished interiors, at the studio of Dan Cooper, 21 East 70th Street. The woods in the collection are rich and varied: walnut, mahogany, and, occasionally, birch—but a warm red birch rather than the chilly silver variety the Swedes usually send us. In addition, the designers have made certain concessions to elegance that, without sacrificing any of the characteristically Swedish simplicity of line, make the new pieces agreeably adaptable to either modern or traditional settings. A desk of red Swedish birch, with side drawers and a place for a typewriter, has a workmanlike appearance but none of the uncompromising starkness that sometimes afflicts contemporary design. It costs $189. A considerably more distinguished-looking desk, this one a kneehole type, in walnut, is built in the shape of a truncated letter "A." At either side is a square, graceful drawer section, set at a rakish angle to the top. The drawers, of pale maple, are fitted into each section behind walnut doors. The price is $264. A walnut buffet (it could be used just as well for a bookcase) has two small drawers above a series of open shelves, costs $165, and looks entirely at home among some conventional, English-style overstuffed easy chairs of Mr. Cooper's own design.

As for these chairs, they will unquestionably have a great appeal for people who put their unbuttoned ease above any mere trends in decoration. Not only are the almost exaggeratedly deep cushions filled with fine-quality white goose down but the upholstered backs are stuffed in the same way, to achieve a seat irresistible to those whose sitting habits were formed before the advent of functional design. One of these generously proportioned chairs costs $189 in muslin, and there is a lounge chair, for $165, that combines with a rectangular ottoman ($66) to make a chaise longue. Both have the same luxurious cushions. Mr. Cooper, who believes in being comfortable at work as well as at home, has designed an office chair that will probably do more to abet bureaucracy than anything else since Mr. Thomas Jefferson's invention of the swivel chair. This spacious new piece, which is made of walnut and has a low, slatted back, is mounted on oversized, rubber-rimmed casters. The way it responds to the occupant's slightest shift and facilitates that conclusive little movement that indicates to an importunate client the closing of an interview should make the chair worth its weight in gold, let alone the $165 it costs.

Although you may go to the Cooper studio only to have a look at the furniture, you will almost certainly stay to inspect the collection of striking fabrics woven in Scotland from Mr. Cooper's designs. Many of the patterns are very beautiful, but it is the weaving—the like of which, particularly in the cottons and linens, has not been seen since before the war—that will delight the connoisseur of textiles. There is a pattern of large beige leaves on a pale-beige background, done in a Jacquard weave of admirable firmness and body, that would give a formal modern room exactly the right touch of dignity ($10.50 a yard), and a linen of tweed-like texture, at $7.50, with a green warp and a lemon-colored woof, that makes an unusually effective all-purpose fabric. Even when the cloth is loosely woven, as in some becoming drapery panels showing a papaya-tree design in light green and palest orange, the skill of the Scottish weavers is unmis-

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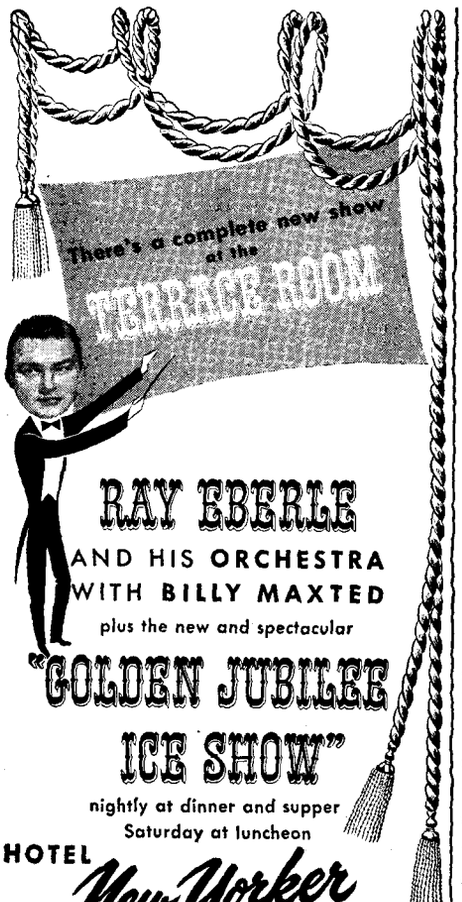

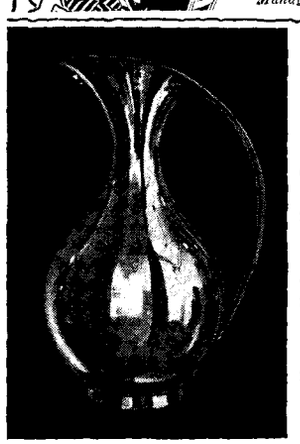
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New York. At the Savoy-Plaza.

takable. There are a number of plaid materials, of good color and splendid texture, that you may find pleasing in themselves; it is my conviction, though, that the decorative value of plaids is sub-zero.

Among some odds and ends, not of his own design, that Mr. Cooper displays with interesting effect are twelve-inch cork squares, in two tones of natural color, that are used as a dado in a high-ceilinged hall, and a Madagascar grass cloth that can be used as a wall covering or for upholstery or in any other way that will add a cool note to a room. It comes in two-by-six-foot sheets that cost $3.75.

PERHAPS I am not the one to tell you about Mr. Alvar Aalto's new Finnish furniture, which is to be seen at Finsven, 925 Madison Avenue (73rd), since I am afraid I grasp only imperfectly what I am told is the striking structural improvement of this over other contemporary furniture. In most of the items of the collection, Mr. Aalto has used a Y construction for the legs of tables and chairs, which, by means of complicated interlocking laminations, gives phenomenally increased strength. I hope all this is quite clear. What *isn't* entirely clear, at least to me, is why this great strength seems so immensely desirable in small stools and chairs, on which, I think we may safely assume, only one person at a time will rest. All question of strength aside, the new Y construction shows up quite handsomely in several pieces of pale birch, notably in a useful combination desk and dressing table with a bank of five spacious drawers at one side. The lift-up top, which has a mirror on its underside, covers an assortment of trays for toilet articles. The piece is well finished all the way around, so you won't have to jam it up against a wall to hide an unsightly back; price, $176.50. A similar combination piece, with only one desk drawer and a pull-out shelf that runs all the way through and works from either side, is $122.50. A webbed side chair that is made of the same wood and designed so you can stack several chairs together neatly, in case your quarters are cramped, also shows off the tricky lamination to advantage, as do a number of extremely useful webbed stools, which are light enough to be carried about with ease; prices are $45.50, for a chair, and $28.75, for a stool. A good-looking and extraordinarily comfortable webbed reclining chair, into which the Y principle does not enter, has an elaborately laminated frame set on ski-like runners, which give it a restful resilience. It costs $92.50 and comes with a shiny, bright-red plastic webbing that, to me, is far from pleasing; the webbing can be had, I am told, in other materials and colors—leather, cloth, and a less garish plastic. In white cloth, which is one of the choices, it would, I think, be charming. Of Mr. Aalto's self-adjusting desk chair, with its ominous steel mechanism at the back to ensure a perfect posture, the less said the better.

IT'S rather cozy the way these Scandinavian designers appear to have worked away at their very similar types of furniture without ever actually impinging on one another's styles. To get my point, you should have a look at some new furniture from Norway, at Elisabeth Draper, 785 Madison Avenue (67th), which has a certain resemblance to both Swedish and Finnish pieces and is at the same time considerably more conventional. There is, for instance, a handsome dining-room table of veneered blond oak, beautifully finished, with clean, simple, Scandinavian lines. It works on the old-fashioned extension-table principle, which, to a generation accustomed to tables that unfold or extend by means of secret levers or other contraptions, is more startling than the most modern contrivance. The difference, though, between this table and the one your grandmother had to tug and pull at when company came to dinner is that the interlocking interior grooves are made with such admirable precision that it opens up at the merest flick of the wrist, disclosing three twelve-inch extra leaves stored snugly beneath the polished surface instead of gathering dust in the butler's pantry. Unextended, the table measures fifty-nine by thirty-five inches. It costs $154. There are matching chairs, at $30 each, with nice, straight legs, and slightly curved backs that obligingly fit the human frame without making any unpleasant attempt to correct the diner's posture. Also for the dining room is a formal sideboard of the most careful workmanship, built like a large bureau, with its top and bottom cabinets separated by a tier of drawers. The cabinet doors conceal sliding trays. The price is $400 for this, and $250 for a smaller piece, built like a chest, with a middle section of drawers flanked on either side by compartments for trays.

I don't think you will linger too long over Norwegian blond oak, pretty as it is, once your eyes light upon Mrs.

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Draper's superb collection of hand-blocked Italian wallpapers. These exquisite papers—further proof of the important revival of decorative art that is flourishing in Italy today—are printed from wood blocks, some of which were incised over two hundred years ago. The more recently cut blocks have been scrupulously copied from highly prized eighteenth-century papers. The patterns, floral as well as conventional, are all diminutive, of the utmost subtlety of design and color, and lend themselves with unostentatious charm to a variety of uses. Mrs. Draper has employed them, with imagination and taste, over panels or moldings of doors, as lambrequins, and for lining cupboards and closets, as well as for papering small rooms and parts of large ones. The papers come in nineteen-by-twenty-six-inch sheets, which run from $1 to $1.95 each.

A WALLPAPER so different from the Italian flowered papers that it can hardly be called wallpaper at all is a landscape of serene beauty designed by Ilonka Karasz and sold by Katzenbach & Warren, 49 East 53rd Street. It consists of six panels that, when put together, give a dazzling effect of sunlight and depict, under an expanse of blue skies and white clouds, a fertile valley, unmistakably American, in which a village, farms, pasture land dotted with cattle, men gathering a rich harvest, streams, sloping hills, and a far-away, lonesome train combine to make one of the most warmly satisfying and, somehow, gently moving panoramas you can imagine. As the right-hand edge of the last strip matches the left-hand edge of the first strip, it is possible to form a continuous mural with the panels, but it would be, I think, far more effective to treat the design as the single, tranquil picture it is and hang no more than the six panels in the large living room of a very fortunate country house. —S. H.

•

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW of oil man wishes correspondence with oil men. Box 113-J. —*Adv. in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

Gets in the blood, that stuff.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a De Pinna fashion portfolio*]

De Pinna presents on these pages a series of prophecy fashions that shuck the sombre, constrained timerity of years just past.

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THE SHAPE OF A YEAR

A CURIOUS truth dawned on me the other night when, during a conversation with a friend, I unconsciously pointed in the direction of September. We were discussing birthdays, and I was standing at the end of a bar, facing south. "My birthday is in September," I said, and, as one may do when referring to a place, I jerked my left thumb over my shoulder in a northeasterly direction. "And my wife's birthday," I went on, jerking my right thumb to the west, "is in May."

"What the hell are you pointing at?" my friend asked.

The truth that dawned upon me is that not to everybody does the year have a definite shape, the seasons and the months their own sizes and positions. In my mind, they always have had these sizes and positions. I can see a year as clearly in my mind as I can see a weather chart, and it's a lot less complicated. I can draw it, and I have done so. (See diagram above.)

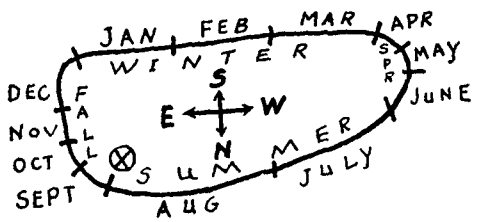
My visualized year is an elongated oval, flat on one side and with one end larger than the other, like a childish drawing of an egg, or like a malformed race track, lying lengthwise from east to west. January and winter both start in the southeast corner of my year, and never mind those odd days in December that the solstice appends to winter like an ungainly prefix. January, February, and March head westward in a straight line. They are uniformly rather long months and they are gray. (I forgot to say that my envisioned year has color.)

April, May, and June whip around a sharp curve at the little, or western, end of the egg in a gentle riot of pastel that begins with pale yellow and ends in a dark and dusty green. These are short and dizzying months, all of them together covering little more distance than any one of the winter months.

Now we are heading eastward in a long, sagging curve that is divided into the two months of July and August. These constitute summer. Both are very long, but August is a little longer than July, and their sandy hue is almost as drab as winter's gray.

At the northeast corner, there is a rather sharp turn into the fall, which is four months long and heads almost straight south to January, and the beginning of a new year. The months of September, October, November, and December are short, snappy months and as colorful as a kaleidoscope, except that December begins to gray a trifle the week after Christmas.

The vantage point from which I view my graphic year is inside the oval, but not in the center, if that spot could be determined in such an irregular geometrical design. It is nearest to the northeast corner, where summer turns into fall. (See circled "x.") More exactly, it is nearest to September, which is the month of my birth, and farthest from April, which is the only month that has no special meaning at all for me.



On conventional maps, north is always at the top, but in my year it is at the bottom. This never confuses me. When I want to recall the date of an occurrence, I first roughly locate its position on my year-oval. Having done that, I usually have no trouble seeing the month, and sometimes the vision is so clear that I can see the day itself. At the outset, I carefully fixed the position of dates, such as that of my wedding anniversary (due east), that must be remembered in the interests of domestic tranquillity. My visualized year has been a great comfort and convenience to me, and, in fact, still is, but I have concluded that it confuses and perhaps unnerves my friends when I point to various times and occasions in their presence, and I have reluctantly decided that it will be best to abandon the practice.

—M. C. BLACKMAN

•

Yes, Annie Jordan of squalid Yesler Street, who danced in her mother's saloon, worked as a hired girl, scrubbed floors with a stiff upper lip . . . Annie, who through it all remained honest, valiant, great-hearted, and superbly kissable.

—From a book review in the Times.

What? With that lip?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Washington Post*]

The master index [of the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board] is only partly completed. Another two years will be required to bring it up to date. Eventually it will contain questionable information on every federal worker and applicant for a government job.

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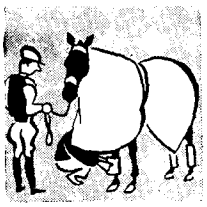
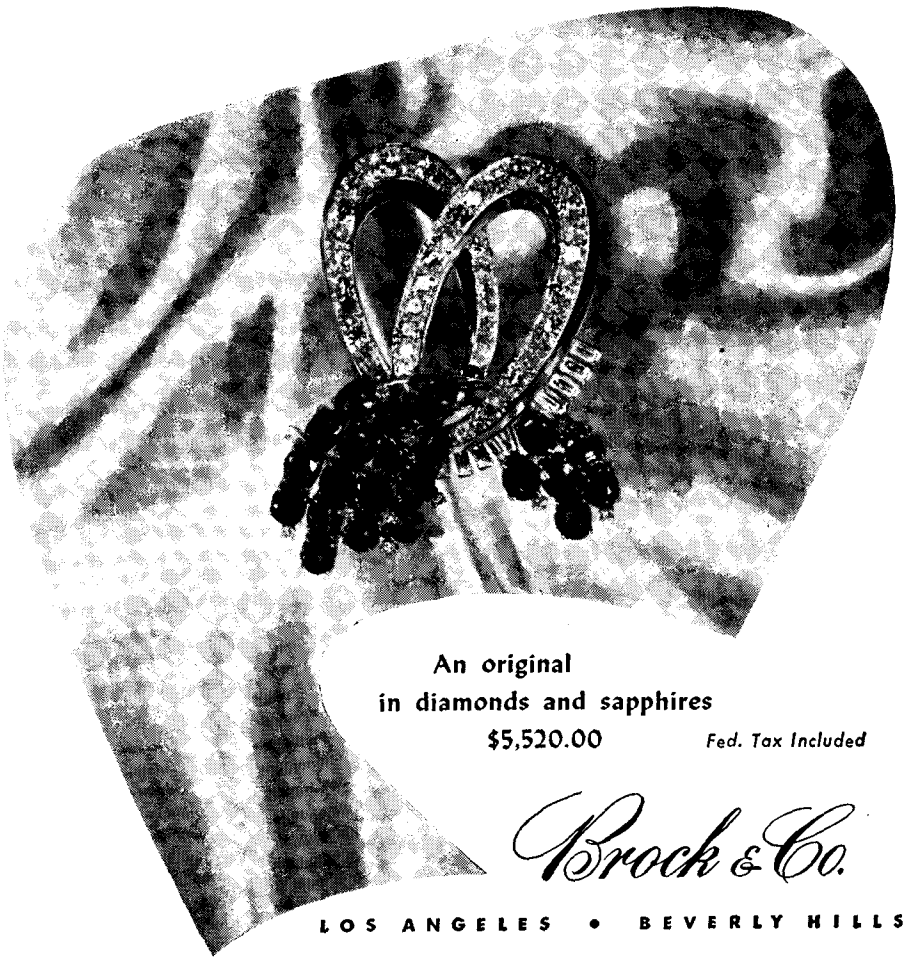
THE RACE TRACK

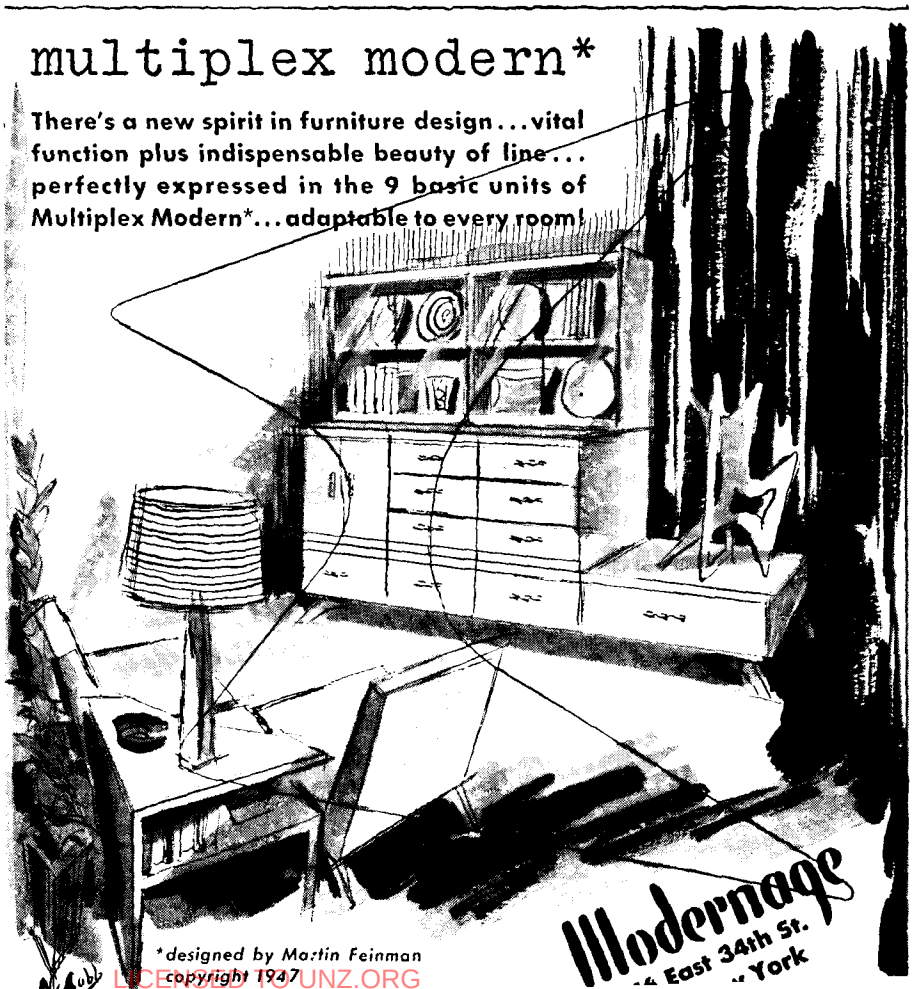
Record Breaker



WHAT with the two-day United Hunts meeting at Belmont and the subsequent move from Belmont to Aqueduct, horse-players have more than one opinion as to what was the outstanding event of last week. For some, it was Rippey's winning performance in the Roseben Handicap, at Belmont, while others think it was the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, a Hunts event won by Adaptable; I suggest, with all humility and the support of a walking delegate of the Split-Second-Watch Operators' local, that the most interesting race was that won by Algasir, a 45–1 shot, on the last day at Belmont. Algasir did four and a half furlongs over the straight Widener Course in 50⅘ seconds, a world's record for the distance. (The old mark, of 51 seconds, was set at Belmont forty years ago, by an animal named Preceptor. Twenty years later, Orissa, a filly from Harry Sinclair's Rancocas Stable, equalled Preceptor's time, and in 1946 C. V. Whitney's First Flight equalled it again.) Altogether, Algasir's feat was quite extraordinary. The race was his first, the track was wet from the rain of the night before, and there was no favoring wind; nevertheless, competing against a dozen other two-year-olds, including Magic Words, who, according to paddock rumor, is better than Mr. Busher, Algasir managed the first quarter in 21⅘ seconds and the half in 44⅗—faster than Coaltown has ever run. There's no doubt about the accuracy of the timing, either. At Belmont, that is done electrically. The chances are that Algasir will never run back to that race, as we veterans say. Next time, he'll probably be odds-on and won't even finish third. That's the way things are with two-year-olds.

Algasir, a not especially impressive-looking bay gelding by Sir Gallahad III and Alpoise, was bred by the late Alwin C. Ernst, of the internationally known accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst, who died last month. In line with the customary procedure during a period of mourning, Algasir raced under the colors of his trainer, Jack Skirvin. (Skirvin, by the way, had no idea that he had such a runner; he didn't bet a dollar on

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the horse.) In case the name Algasir puzzles you, I had better explain that Mr. Ernst had the habit, in concocting names for his horses, of starting with "Al" and adding a syllable or two from the name of the animal's sire, making sure that the combination was just seven letters long. "Algasir" is by no means the worst result of this practice.

To dispose of Rippey, he carried a hundred and thirty-five pounds in the Roseben and beat Owners Choice and half a dozen other first-rate sprinters handily, though he gave them all big weights.

THE United Hunts had no luck. There were plenty of runners, and the racing was first-class, but the weather was frightful, the crowds small, and the betting light. I'm told that the early date of the meeting was partly to blame. In 1947, when the meeting was held in October, after Belmont's autumn meet, the attendance was 55,344 and the mutuel handle $4,236,118, while last week there were only 33,523 spectators, who bet $2, 688, 471. The Hunts couldn't get autumn dates this season, because Empire City opens the day after Belmont closes. It's a shame that the Hunts made so little this year, because it uses most of its profits to encourage amateur racing, by contributing to the purses of the smaller hunt-club meetings. Besides, a long time ago it actually kept the sport going hereabouts.

No question about it, Adaptable is the best jumper in training. You couldn't ask for a better finish than that of the Temple Gwathmey, in which he came up in the last furlongs and beat Elkridge by a length. Incidentally, Adaptable carried four pounds more than he did when he won the Meadow Brook Steeplechase, the week before, and Elkridge, a formidable opponent in both events, was ridden better this time.

AS for the opening day at Aqueduct, where the only green grass is in the infield, I must report that Stymie's luck in the Queens County Handicap shows no improvement. He ran in it for the third time the other afternoon, and finished second for the third time. Knockdown, to whom he gave nineteen pounds, led him home this year. Oh, well, it was another race and $4,000 more for the old fellow. He has now earned $863,635. —AUDAX MINOR

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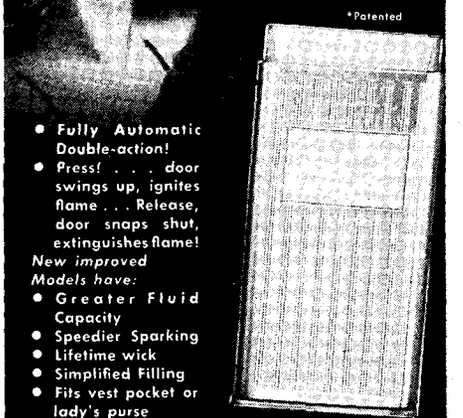

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 14

FOR seventy years, the late Third Republic resisted trusting its women with the vote, and then it gave in with its dying breath. In the Fourth Republic, there have been lingering male doubts that females could rise to the Gallic political standard, which is certainly high in useless parliamentary imbroglios and the reckless overthrowing of governments. Due credit must therefore be given to Mme. Germaine Poinso-Chapuis, Minister of Public Health and Population, for being exactly one-half responsible for precipitating France's recent political crisis, which set the various factions in Parliament at loggerheads and almost toppled the Schuman government. The lady is the first *Madame le Ministre* in the history of France. She is forty-seven, a Marseillaise by birth, a lawyer, the wife of a lawyer, and the mother of two small children. She attained Cabinet office last autumn. In the war, she worked with the Resistance; after the Liberation, she became vice-president of Marseille's tough city council and was subsequently elected Bouches-du-Rhône Deputy to both postwar constituent assemblies; as Minister, she is referred to as one of the best men in the Mouvement Républicain Populaire. She has a brusque tongue in Chamber debates and an uncoquettish, intelligent face, is an enemy of alcohol and a friend of fruit juices, and is an old political colleague of Premier Schuman, who these last couple of weeks must have regretted it.

Mme. Poinso-Chapuis's half of the trouble was caused by a decree she promulgated offering state assistance to certain Catholic schools. This raised the old question of separation of Church and State. That classic republican principle, which includes refusing state financing for religious education, is upheld by millions of French and by Parliament's traditional anti-clericalists, the Socialists and the Radicals. All of these rose in outrage against the lady, her decree, and her powerful M.R.P.s, invariably cartooned as the priestly party of France. The second, or male-begotten, half of the crisis was provoked by Finance Minister René Mayer's long-expected economy decree, which called for the sacking of a hundred and fifty thousand of France's ever-growing hierarchy of civil servants, who, as in all other postwar lands, have been increasing like mice, living on paper, behind every government-office door. Again Parliament's Socialists were in loyal, worried opposition; most of the mice are Socialists. The civil service is the last stronghold of Léon Blum's once great reform party's power. But national economy, even if it means a cousin out of a job, is now an anguishing necessity for the French, who, for the first time in their history, are paying anywhere from one-eighth to three-fourths of their income in taxes—if, for the first time in their lives, the French are really paying their taxes.

Another crisis has just arisen, over foreign policy and the results of the London Six-Power Conference, in which many French feel that France figures not as one-sixth but as about one-twelfth. The recent attempt by the American Congress to renege on the plans of Secretary Marshall, a move that dazed all western Europe, reminds the French of the reneging on the ideals of President Wilson after his Versailles Peace Treaty. The United Nations already reminds them of the League of Nations; the possible withdrawal of the Allies from Berlin reminds them of their own withdrawal from the Ruhr in 1925; any Anglo-Saxon desire to lift Germany out of the beggar class reminds them of the Dawes Plan, the Hoover Moratorium, and American bank loans to Berlin; and, most frightening of all, any plan for unifying western Germany instead of isolating each of its provinces reminds them of Germany's organizing genius, which Parisians can see at work again, as it was during the Occupation, simply by shutting their eyes, and can hear, like an echo of the rhythm of Nazi feet along the Champs-Elysées. No sooner was the Six-Power London accord announced than the Communists plastered the boulevards with a Party poster, which, for once, was generally popular: "*L'Allemagne d'Abord? Non!*" ("Germany First? No!") If Bidault and his foreign policy fall in the near future, they will carry Schuman and his Third Force government with them. This would probably lead within the year to a government of the Fourth Force—the coming to power of the mystique and person of General de Gaulle.

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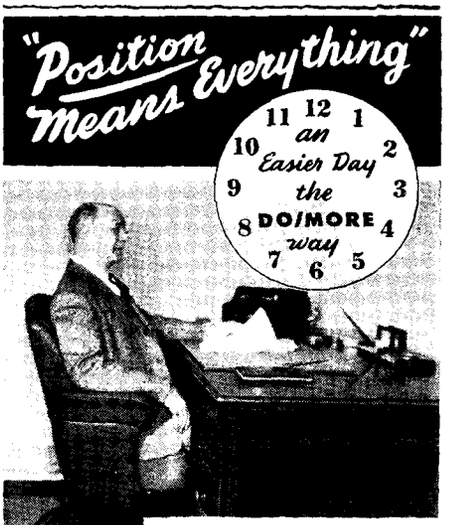

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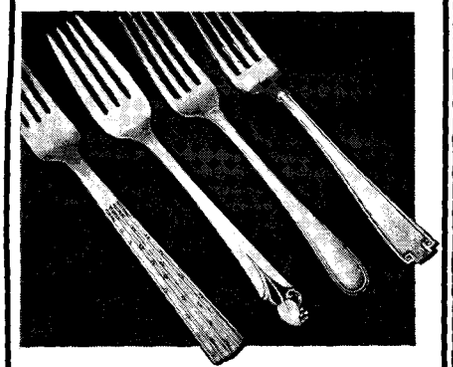

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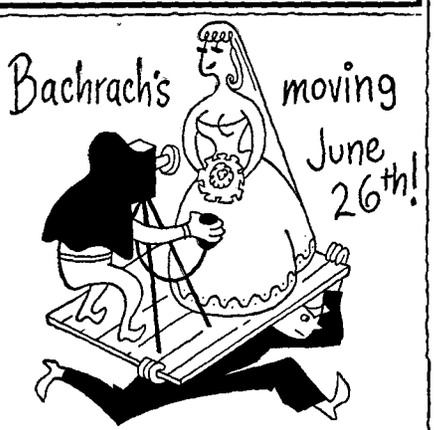

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forgotten man, the French landlord. Between senescence and war destruction, France's housing conditions have finally become, for landlord and tenant alike, catastrophic. A landlord's annual income from a block of nice flats is about half what it would cost him to put a new roof on it. The five or five and a half per cent he used to figure to get on property before the war of 1914, the last time most landlords here had the courage to build, has sunk to minus one per cent, because of frozen rents and increased costs. Whereas French workers used to allot sixteen per cent of their budget for rent, it is now a pleasant two per cent, which the commission may jack up to twelve per cent. The commission's housing picture of France turns out to be almost unbearably picturesque. In provincial towns, such as Aix and Bayonne, one- to two-thirds of the rented property is more than a century old; only five in a hundred dwellings have what the French call *confort moderne*, meaning what people were comfortable for two thousand years without. And in lovely Paris only two per cent of the apartment houses do not have running water, and only eighty-four out of a hundred do not have baths. (Perhaps you thought it was more.)

The rent commission, having come to certain conclusions, is now polishing those fine points of seniority, prohibitions, and social gradation that make French decrees read more like Balzac than law. Thus the commission will recommend that no landlord who has not owned his building for at least ten years can eject an old tenant; and that a widow of a landlord cannot be ejected from her flat, no matter how spacious, if she is sixty-five or over, provided she was married to her late lamented at least five years before his death. No landlord will be able to throw out a tenant who was imprisoned for being a member of the Resistance, but he can refuse to renew a lease to a tenant who has been judged guilty of collaboration by a civil court or military tribunal.

THE great French novelist Stendhal correctly prophesied that he would not be fully appreciated until the end of the nineteenth century. Obviously, he could have had no notion of one tribute the doting twentieth century would lay at his feet. It is a French movie of "La Chartreuse de Parme." The picture lasts two hours and fifty minutes, and might as well have taken another ten minutes to include that bit

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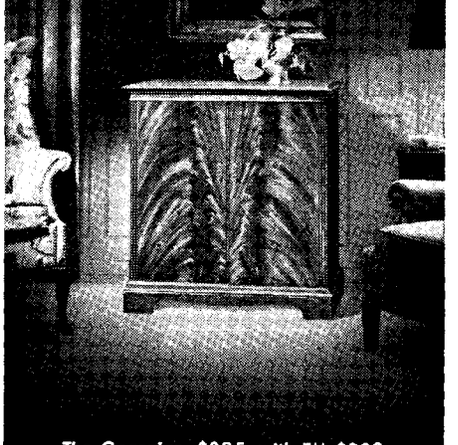

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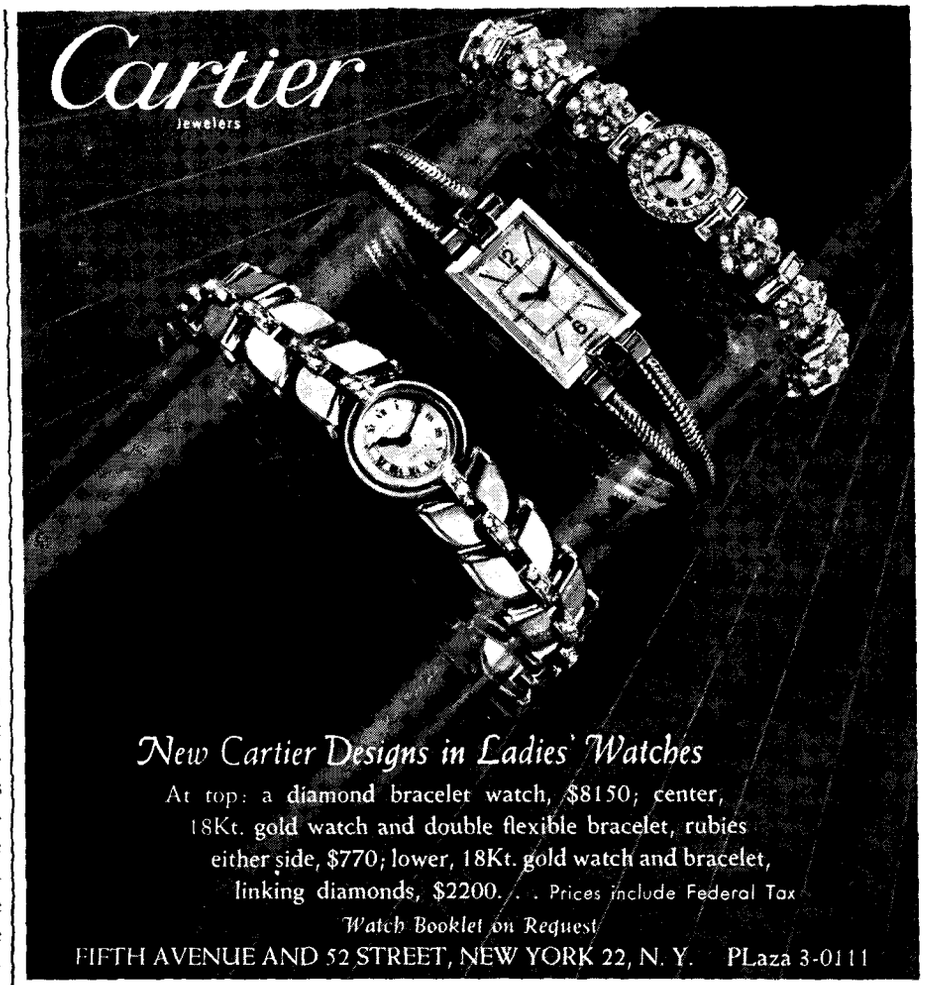
about the Battle of Waterloo with which the novel opens. The finale, too, has been cut, so Fabrice ends not as a scandalously amorous archbishop but merely as a heartbroken monk-to-be. The film, beautifully photographed in Italy, conscientiously offers all the stimulating Stendhalian trappings—baroque palaces, Renaissance prison walls, and the fabulous gowns and uniforms of a violent, elegant republican epoch. But it evokes no sense of the romantic scenery of the heart for which Stendhal created the literary closeup long before cameras were invented. It is simply a nostalgic, well-directed costume movie, starring the handsome, sullen Maria Casarès, as the Duchesse Sanseverina, and the perpetual French schoolboy Gérard Philippe, as Del Dongo. The movie of "La Chartreuse de Parme" is not for "the happy few."

The Musée National d'Art Moderne is exhibiting a hundred and eighteen paintings by that tragic woman artist whom Degas called "*la terrible Maria*." She was known in Montmartre's Impressionistic days as Suzanne Valadon and later became famous, too, as the mother of the equally unstable and prodigious Maurice Utrillo, her illegitimate son. She was born Marie-Clémentine Valadon, in Limoges, was a circus acrobat in Paris until she was injured in the ring, became a model for Toulouse-Lautrec and Renoir and an untidy friend of the fastidious Degas, who was among the first to buy her drawings. She died at seventy-two, just before the second World War. The real strength of Valadon, noted all these years principally for her flower paintings, was her vast output of female nudes. These, hitherto ostracized, perhaps for their prime and simple vulgarity, are now shown here in a collection for the first time—fat, dowdy, undressed Montmartre neighbors, whose names are lost but whose vivid, matronly flesh has become one of the last truthful elements in modern French art.

TWO of the best-known new literary figures, Jean-Paul Sartre and David Rousset, have founded a political party, Lord help us—Le Rassemblement Démocratique Révolutionnaire—and a bi-monthly one-sheet newspaper, *La Gauche*, which, coming from professional writers, seems poorly written. Sartre's political ideas are less clear, if more optimistic, than his novels. His talent, his scholarly mind, his French essence, and his hypersensitivity to Europe's dilapidation give momentary importance to his political hopes, which



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concern that still unresolved trio of human problems, liberty, work, and lasting peace. "Hunger," he says poetically in *La Gauche*, "is already a demand for liberty." His rather less concrete goal is that "consumers and producers . . . may be conscious of their democratic revolutionary humanism." Rousset, whose remarkable book "L'Univers Concentrationnaire" recounts his survival in Nazi concentration camps, is more harshly definite on what Le Rassemblement is not. It is not Marxist, Trotzkyist, or Socialist, but it welcomes all men from such, or any, faiths who are disorganized by deceptions and by political play and who have almost lost hope that "by democratic conduct humanity can demonstrate that it is not necessarily dedicated to self-destruction and barbarism." The Sartre-Rousset party declares that it expects to collect, in the next six months, a hundred thousand followers. If words were all, its followers should number millions, from all over this earth.

A mere handful of a hundred and thirty upsurging intelligent Deputies of many parties, and including the president of the Foreign Affairs Committee, have formally laid before the Parliament a resolution demanding "the immediate meeting of a European constituent assembly, having as its mission the founding of the permanent institution of a 'Federated Europe.'" Whatever else happens in Parliament, now or tomorrow, this is the one vital political proposal of the moment, of the year, of the century. —GENÊT

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Shamrock Texan*]

If God were to call you, Daddy
Or take our Mother dear
And in deepest grief and sorrow
Leave us linger here
And in our darkest hour of sorrow,
grief and woe
Where could we, Daddy, go?
Because we love you dearly
We would want you to have the best
For we will remember always
How our loved ones were laid to rest,
Perhaps, Daddy, they might tell us
Upon that mournful day
That the one we loved so dearly
Had thrown his chances away.
We now can get Womack burial protection
And our minds could be at consolation
And when the shadows of sorrow fall
Give our loved ones the very best;
And could cost so little
To have this peace of mind
So. Daddy, please get protection
While yet you have the time.

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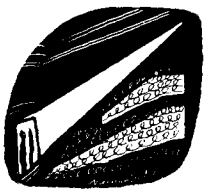
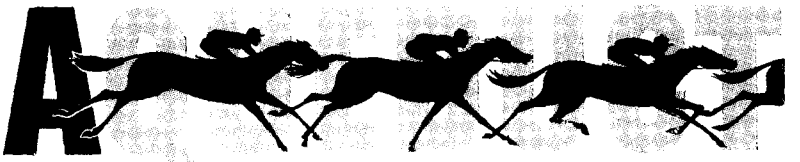
THE CURRENT CINEMA

In Old Vienna Again



THE court of Franz Josef, which has been the locale of so many sedulously romantic operettas, is unexpectedly lively as portrayed in "The Emperor Waltz." Old Vienna, to be sure, *looks* pretty much as usual in this film, but the attitude of the participants toward the Hapsburgs' former hangout is marked by none of the customary nostalgic reverence. They all seem convinced that they have been planted in preposterous surroundings, and they behave accordingly. The result is a pleasant bit of spoofing. The story upon which "The Emperor Waltz" is lightly hung was invented by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, neither of whom let his imagination run away with him in putting the plot together. We have a phonograph salesman from Newark winning the love of an old-country countess, around 1900, and then stalling the affair foolishly because he isn't certain that such a stylish lady will feel anything but outraged at the prospect of living in New Jersey. This is ancient stuff, all right, but Bing Crosby, in the role of the phonograph salesman, makes everything seem effortless and diverting, and Joan Fontaine, as the countess, reveals a nice talent for farce. Paralleling the romance between Mr. Crosby and Miss Fontaine is one between a Newark mongrel and a Viennese poodle, which adds up to an outlandish subplot that is, nevertheless, mildly amusing. The musical numbers run from a Crosby interpretation of "Santa Lucia" to a yodelling item called "Friendly Mountains." The latter is the only new tune in the picture—at least it was new to me—and it has a jaunty swing. Among its other assets, the film includes some handsome Technicolor mountain scenes and the acting of Richard Haydn, Sig Ruman, and Roland Culver.

IN its transplantation from stage to screen, Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" has undergone a lot of changes, none of them worth while. For some reason, Hollywood has found it necessary to promote the heroine of "Dream Girl" from the ranks of the middle class to the upper economic tiers. In this milieu, the young lady's fantasies, which on



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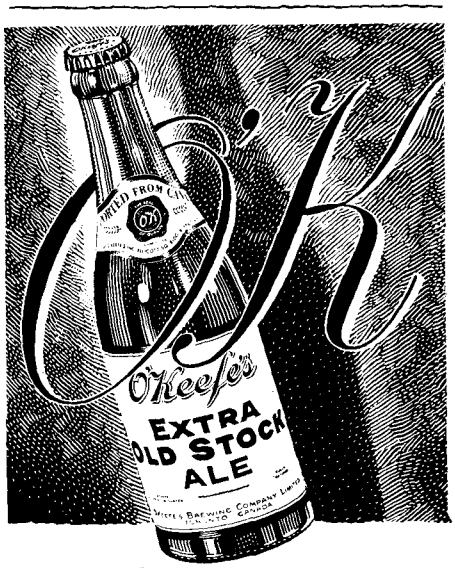

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the stage were so genially contrasted with her actual circumstances, don't differ much from what happens to her when she has her modest wits about her.

As a millionaire's unhappy daughter, Betty Hutton isn't convincing either in her pipe dreams, during which she imagines such things as playing "Madame Butterfly," or in her realistic moments, when she is dealing with the hardheaded newspaperman who cures her of her moping. She seems to regard the dream sequences of the piece as an open invitation for broad burlesque—which wasn't, I'm certain, quite what Mr. Rice had in mind—and in trying to make an appealingly plaintive figure of her poor little rich girl, she not only is embarrassing but speaks with an accent as grating as a locked brake on a subway train. Along with Miss Hutton, Macdonald Carey, Walter Abel, and Virginia Field disport themselves in the picture.

IN "Naïs," a French adaptation of a novel by Emile Zola, we are confronted with a harried French father, his wayward daughter, a wealthy cad, and a lovesick hunchback. As the father, Henri Poupon turns in a sodden performance, ranting endlessly about his daughter's conduct, and the other principals—Jacqueline Pagnol, Raymond Pellegrin, and Fernandel—don't make much of their roles, either. Although "Naïs" was written by Marcel Pagnol, it is one of the most heavy-handed French films to have struck town in years. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

She was born Tuesday after a long period of failing health.—*Troy (N.Y.) Times Record.*

Well, things often look up, once you're out in the open.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

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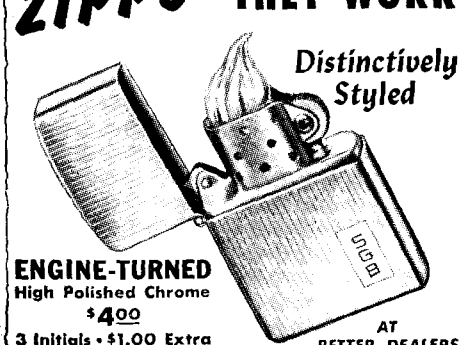

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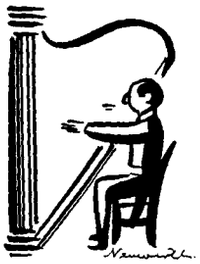
MUSICAL EVENTS

Change of Season



THE summer musical season got under way officially last week, with the Philharmonic-Symphony beginning al-fresco operations in the Lewisohn Stadium and the Goldman Band starting to play in the parks. As usual, the Stadium concerts are being held five nights a week, with Friday and Sunday nights left open; regular programs that are rained out will be shifted, whenever possible, to the following Friday or Sunday. The Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, by the Goldman Band, take place in Central Park, on the Mall, on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and in Prospect Park on Thursday and Saturday evenings.

The Stadium program lists six regular conductors and eight other conductors, for special events of one sort and another, and additional maestros will undoubtedly be recruited as the season goes on. The first of the regulars to appear was Fritz Reiner, who directed most of the programs last week and this. At the two concerts I attended, Mr. Reiner, who hasn't appeared here very often recently, demonstrated his fine musicianship, taste, and executive ability, notably in a beautifully balanced and imaginative reading of Mozart's G-Minor Symphony, No. 40, and in a dramatic presentation of the "Tristan und Isolde" Prelude, which was the high point in an all-Wagner program, consisting of excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Die Walküre," as well as from "Tristan." They were all played excellently by the orchestra and sung clearly and expressively by Rose Bampton and Set Svanholm, the guest soloists.

The Goldman Band, undeterred by splashes of rain just before, and once during, its opening concert on the Mall, came up with a rich variety of pieces composed originally for band, ranging from Berlioz's "Funeral and Triumphal Symphony," which is more than a century old, to works by contemporary musicians. In the Berlioz symphony, and in a short item by Percy Grainger and another by Blas Galindo, the band received admirable coöperation from the combined choruses of Washington

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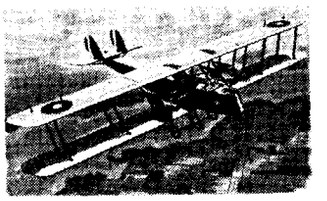

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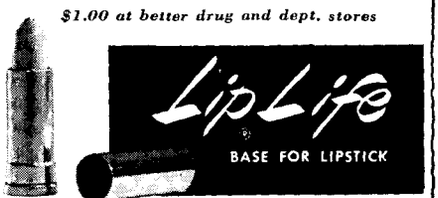

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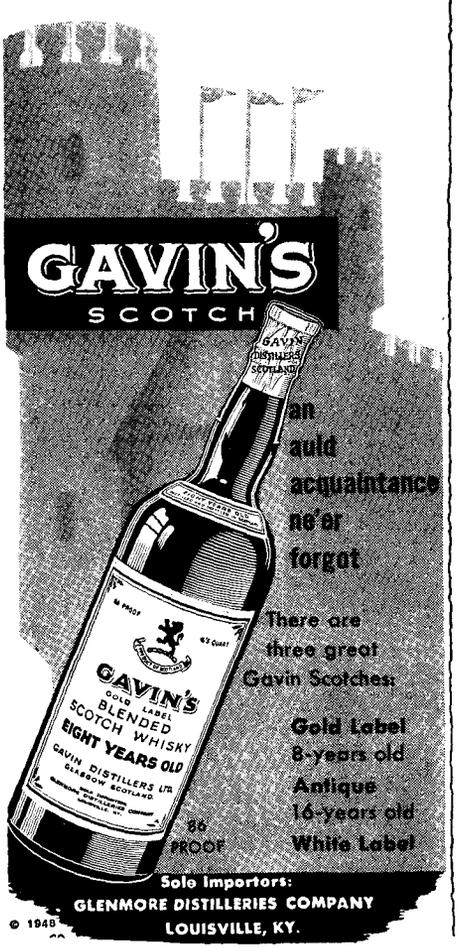

Irving High School and of Boys' High School. These last offerings were directed by Richard Franko Goldman, the band's associate conductor. Edwin Franko Goldman, who is, of course, the regular conductor, handled the rest of the program, which included the première of "On Guard," an ingratiating march that he wrote himself. The band performed vigorously and expertly throughout, and the instrumental soloists—James Burke, cornettist, and Cleveland Reitz, trombonist—the Goldmans, and the young choruses all made distinguished contributions.

A NEW company of singers, called Opera Tonight and specializing in operatic performances in English, made its début last week at the Pythian ballroom, on West Seventieth Street, just off Broadway, with a production of Bellini's "Norma," sung to the accompaniment of two pianos and a tympanist. Several members of the cast have striking voices, and all displayed a good deal of devotion to their tasks, but it seemed to me that "Norma," a notoriously difficult work, presented many vocal, dramatic, and stylistic problems that the troupe could not cope with. In any case, this opera can hardly be staged adequately without a large-scale chorus and orchestra. "The Barber of Seville," the second item put on by Opera Tonight, is better suited to this kind of unpretentious enterprise. The instrumental background was provided satisfactorily by two pianos, a violin, and a cello, and dialogue was substituted for most of the recitative. With a slight speeding up and some changes in the cast, this version of "The Barber" would make a highly effective entertainment. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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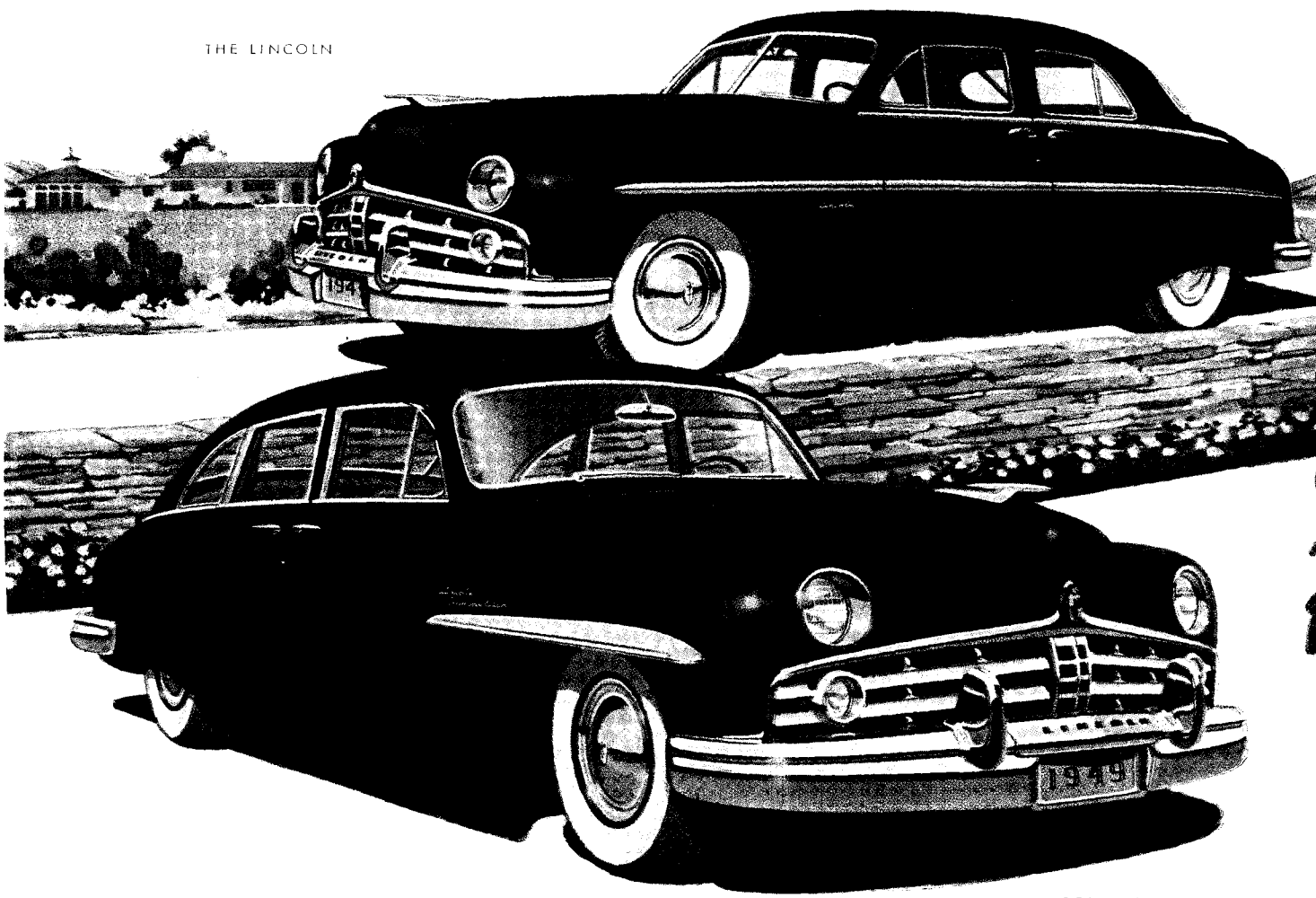

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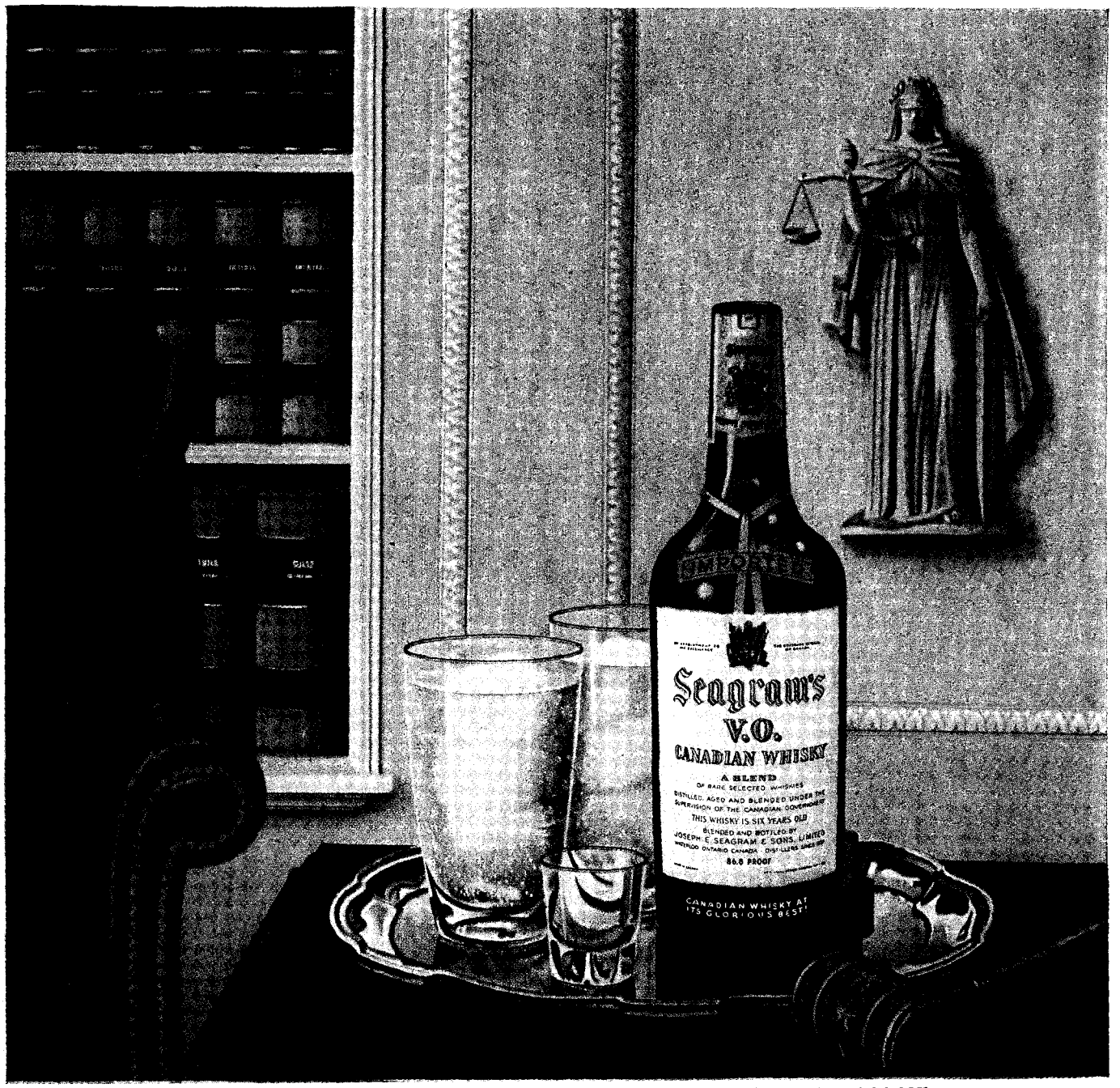

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA
JUNE 14, 1948

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

A FEW weeks ago, in a story in *The New Yorker* called "Mrs. Bullard and Her Stone Wall," Janet Owen ably described the problems that face the mother of an exceptionally bright boy caught in the red tape of modern educational methods. As a teacher, I suspect that Mrs. Bullard's problems were negligible compared with those of the teachers who tangled with her son. I am almost certain of that because of my experience with a boy named George, which was the most notable of my career.

Because of the strange ways of fate and school administration, I had to deal with George, off and on, for five years, beginning with the days when he was in the first grade, over which I presided. We had progressed through chart reading and pamphlets and were well into our first clothbound book before I realized that, although I had no quarrel with the quality of his work, he was going to be a problem. I should have suspected something when I noticed that he always recited correctly. I did not catch on, though, until the day when, while the class was doing "seatwork," a device used by teachers not only to keep children busy but, presumably, to increase their ability to read, I noticed that he was sitting idle at his desk.

"Let's get to work," I said cheerfully.

"I've finished," he said.

Now, I had expected this piece of work to last at least half an hour. Skeptically, I picked up his workbook. He had completed not only that day's assignment but the whole book.

"Well, then, you could get a book from the shelf and read," I said.

For a week or so, George managed to avoid my attention by spending his leisure time, of which there seemed to be a great deal, reading. Then, one day, I noticed that he was again doing nothing.

"Can't you find a book to read?" I asked.

"I've read them all," he answered.

I sent George to the easel, although it was not his turn to paint. For a week, he monopolized it, experimenting with highly patterned abstract paintings. Then came the inevitable day when he was tired of painting and drawing, and the further day when he was tired of clay modelling, cutting colored paper, and all the other resources of the instructor. I went frantically through the notes I had preserved from my education courses in college. "Enrich the curriculum for the superior child with extra projects," one of them read. I set George to doing research on cows and dairies, our major interest that semester. But this resource, too, was soon exhausted. Meantime, the children developed a habit of letting George do all their work. For the rest of the year, I carefully avoided looking at his eagerly waving hand and called on him only when nobody else knew the answer to a question.

In the spring, the children were given intelligence tests. When the results came back, I looked first for George's I.Q. It was 197, about as high as they come. At the end of the year, because of his ability and the fact that he was large for his age, he was promoted to the third grade.

A YEAR later, I was assigned to the fourth grade, and so was George. There he was, the first day, sitting in a back seat, staring out the window. Resolving not to let a mere genius get the better of me, I set about keeping him busy. I put him to work on reports and research projects, encouraged him to bring his numerous collections to school, stimulated him to write stories, poems, and essays. He did whatever I asked him to with concentration and thoroughness. Unfortunately, his vocabulary was by this time so rich that the rest of the children had trouble understanding his oral reports, and his interests were beyond most of them. His written work piled up so fast that I didn't have time to look at it all, and, again, I exhausted all reasonably orthodox ideas for keeping him busy, and if he wasn't busy, he brought all of his vast energy and ingenuity to such activities as noisemaking, showing off, and spitball throwing. I thought of letting him mix paints. We used colored powders that had to be stirred laboriously in water. He willingly mixed not only the usual reds and blues and greens but cerises and topazes and chartreuses. For a few weeks, the paintings produced by my class were wonders of rich coloring, but he was using such quantities of paint that I had to put a stop to this activity, for fear of having the school board down on me for wasting materials. Luckily, we received a new encyclopedia just as the paint situation was getting out of hand, and this enabled

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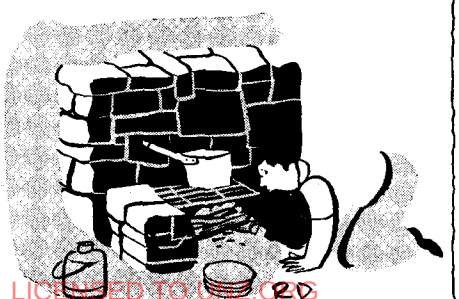
me to set him to work making color charts and studying the physics and psychology of color. That led to research on a variety of topics. It led to research, in fact, on every subject covered by the encyclopedia. By the time he had read that from A to Z, in addition to doing the year's work in arithmetic, learning all the words in the spelling book, reading every story and reference book in the room, and probably in the library, the school year was almost over.

During one of George's rare uncooperative periods, when, to amuse himself, he was putting down wrong answers to questions, making up nonsense rhymes with his spelling words, and doing most of his written work in code, we had another intelligence test. This time his I.Q. was rated at 85, which is undistinguished. The first part of his paper was full of wittily contrived wrong answers. But even George had his limits; toward the end of the test, where the really challenging questions were, he had weakened and given the right answers.

Two years later, George and I were both promoted—he from the fifth grade, I from the fourth. There he was again, on the first day, in a back seat of the sixth-grade classroom, looking out the window. Hastily computing his mental age, I decided that it was slightly higher than my own had been in college and undoubtedly still was.

We got along very well that year. He seemed reconciled to being different. I let him correct papers for me, keep my records, and work my problems in attendance percentages. When he ran out of something to do, I would say, "Oh, go read a book," and he would return to his seat and doodle, an occupation that is frowned upon in teaching circles. He was fairly good at sports, but he had a tendency to miss balls because his mind was on other matters. He made a fine referee or umpire, however, and he could take over the class while I sat on the sidelines, preparing the next day's lessons. Sometimes he brought his collections and private research reports to me. The



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reports were usually over my head, but he was patient in explaining them, and I learned a lot about such things as ichthyology and Minoan culture. At the end of the year, I concluded that from the day I had introduced written words to him in the first grade, I had taught him exactly nothing.

LAST summer, as I was walking across the campus of our local university, I heard my name called. There, hurrying to catch up with me, was George, beaming.

"I suppose you're carrying eighteen units and getting all A's," I said.

"Well, I got a B in Physical Ed," he said. "But I won't have to take that any more after next semester."

"And I suppose you're going to take the accelerated program and get through in three years," I said.

"Yes," he answered. "It keeps me pretty busy, what with the social life and working three hours a day."

"And what are you taking?" I asked.

"I'm majoring in psychology," he answered, "and I'll get a degree in education, too. I've decided to be a teacher. You were a great inspiration to me."

"Oh," I said.

"Well," said George, "I guess I'll go read a book."

Sincerely yours,
MARY ALICE MOORE

•

He was a member of the Dunham Free Will Baptist Church of which he was a Deacon and a Pillow.—*Whitesburg (Ky.) Mountain Eagle.*

Handy if anybody is lying down in green pastures.

•

Comic artist Robert Storm Petersen produces three drawings a day for Copenhagen papers, and is said never to make an unfunny remark. All Denmark smiles with Petersen who says: "There are so many things to laugh at here."—*Picture caption in London Illustrated.*

Does that last remark count?

•

MOST FASCINATING DECLINE-OF-THE-WEST NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in all its sinister entirety, is from the Daily Worker*]

COLUMBUS, IND. (UP)—John J. Dewey got into his automobile and pressed on the clutch and accelerator. The engine purred but not as it should.

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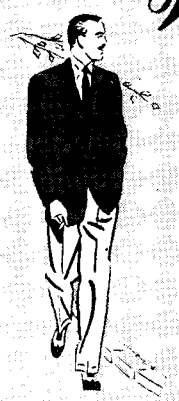

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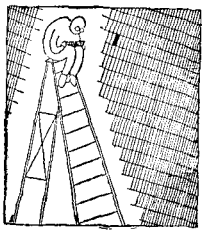
BOOKS

Love in Necropolis



WHEN "The Loved One," by Evelyn Waugh, first appeared, last February, occupying an entire issue of *Horizon*, it was ecstatically greeted by those of his admirers who were fortunate enough to be able to borrow or steal a copy of that rather inaccessible magazine. They weren't quite ready to say that it was the most significant of his works—love and the mortuary practices of southern California may have struck them as a frivolous combination, even for Mr. Waugh—but they still found in it a reaffirmation and indeed an extension of all his qualities. His style still had the same chilly precision, a sort of murderous daintiness of expression; his comic invention, which had previously condemned one of his heroes to eating his fiancée and another to reading Dickens for the rest of his days to a madman on the headwaters of the Amazon, was still as astonishing and malignant as ever; his instinctive sense of the exact boundary between what the fastidious mind will accept as satire and what it will reject as burlesque was still infallible; his sympathy with the usual aspirations of the human heart, never marked, had reached this time a pure and absolute zero. There was hardly a character in "The Loved One," they said with awe, who could be regarded with anything except horror, hilarity, or the stirring of a faint disgust. As one of Mr. Waugh's most helplessly fascinated readers, I can only echo this opinion. Never before that I can remember has a talent of such austere and classic design been applied to such monstrous vulgarities; never before have the majestic themes of love and death been so delicately perverted to absurdity. "The Loved One" represents the perfection of an attitude that was first expressed in "Decline and Fall" and "Vile Bodies." It is available now in book form (Little, Brown), and you'd better buy it, because I can't imagine a purchase apt to corrupt and delight you more.

In a foreword to the publication in *Horizon*, Cyril Connolly, an accomplished Procrustean critic, adept at diminishing or extending any work of art to fit the particular bed he has chosen for it, was at great pains to point out that Mr. Waugh must be regarded as more than a humorist. "This fierce, luminous, passionate love-story is only incidentally witty," he wrote. "It is *dans le vrai*." In view of the fact that "The Loved One" ends with the hero briskly incinerating the heroine in an oven designed to cremate sheep, Mr. Connolly's definition of the nature of their love can be taken as sardonic. It seems likely, however, that the rest of this remark is meant literally, and that he actually thinks of "The Loved One" less as a fantastically funny book than as a "Swiftian satire" exposing "a materialist society at its weakest spot;" i.e., its "unseemly preoccupation with the cadaver." I can think of no better way of advancing my own opinion, which is essentially the reverse of Mr. Connolly's, than by giving you a very brief outline of Mr. Waugh's fierce, luminous, and profoundly singular romance.

The book begins with one of those devices that any less gifted writer might hesitate to employ:

> All day the heat had been barely supportable but at evening a breeze rose in the West, blowing from the heart of the setting sun and from the ocean, which lay unseen, unheard behind the scrubby foothills. It shook the rusty fringes of palm-leaf and swelled the dry sounds of summer, the frog-voices, the grating cicadas, and the ever present pulse of music from the native huts. In that kindly light the stained and blistered paint of the bungalow and the plot of weeds between the veranda and the dry water-hole lost their extreme shabbiness, and the two Englishmen, each in his rocking chair, each with his whiskey and soda and his out-dated magazine, the counterparts of numberless fellow countrymen in the barbarous regions of the world, shared in the brief illusory rehabilitation.

They were, of course, in Hollywood, part of a tiny, dauntless outpost of Empire in the film colony. The tribal customs of this group were still intact, but

"All the women are going back to their husbands this year—have you noticed?"

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their prestige was not what it once was, and it was embarrassingly threatened now by the fact that one of them, a young poet named Dennis Barlow, had given up the screen to work at the Happier Hunting Ground, an undertaking establishment for pets. As Sir Ambrose Abercrombie, a leader of the exiles, observed, "There are jobs that an Englishman just doesn't take," and even Sir Francis Hinsley, the nearest approach to a human being that Mr. Waugh has permitted himself, and so, naturally, doomed to hang himself in the second chapter, was faintly distressed. He had advised the young man to quit the films, he admitted, but "I never suggested anything so violently macabre, so Elizabethan, as the work you chose."

Dennis, however, was happy enough in his new employment, addressing cards ("Your little Arthur is thinking of you in Heaven today and wagging his tail"), poking up a furnace in which a pet goat had smoldered too long, sharing the accommodations of the great icebox with a client: "Next to a Siamese cat stood a tin of fruit juice and a plate of sandwiches. Dennis took his supper into the reception room and, as he ate it, resumed his interrupted reading."

Love, for lack of any exact word for that mixture of agitation and disgust that Mr. Waugh's male and female characters sometimes inspire in one another, came to him presently, when he went to the terrible necropolis called Whispering Glades to arrange for Sir Francis's burial. Here he met Aimée Thanatogenos, so beautifully named for love and death, who was employed there as a cosmetician. She was a strange girl, "her eyes greenish and remote, with a rich glint of lunacy," and he recognized in her a decadence that appealed irresistibly to something in himself—his poetic spirit, perhaps. Their courtship began on the spot:

"'What did your Loved One pass on from?' she asked.

"'He hanged himself.'

"'Was the face much disfigured?'

"'Hideously.'

"'That is quite usual. Mr. Joyboy will probably take him in hand personally. It is a question of touch, you see, massaging the blood from the congested areas.'"

And a little later:

"'You enjoy your work?'

"'I regard it as a very, very great privilege, Mr. Barlow.'

"'Have you been at it long?'

"'Eighteen months. . . . And now I have almost come to the end of my

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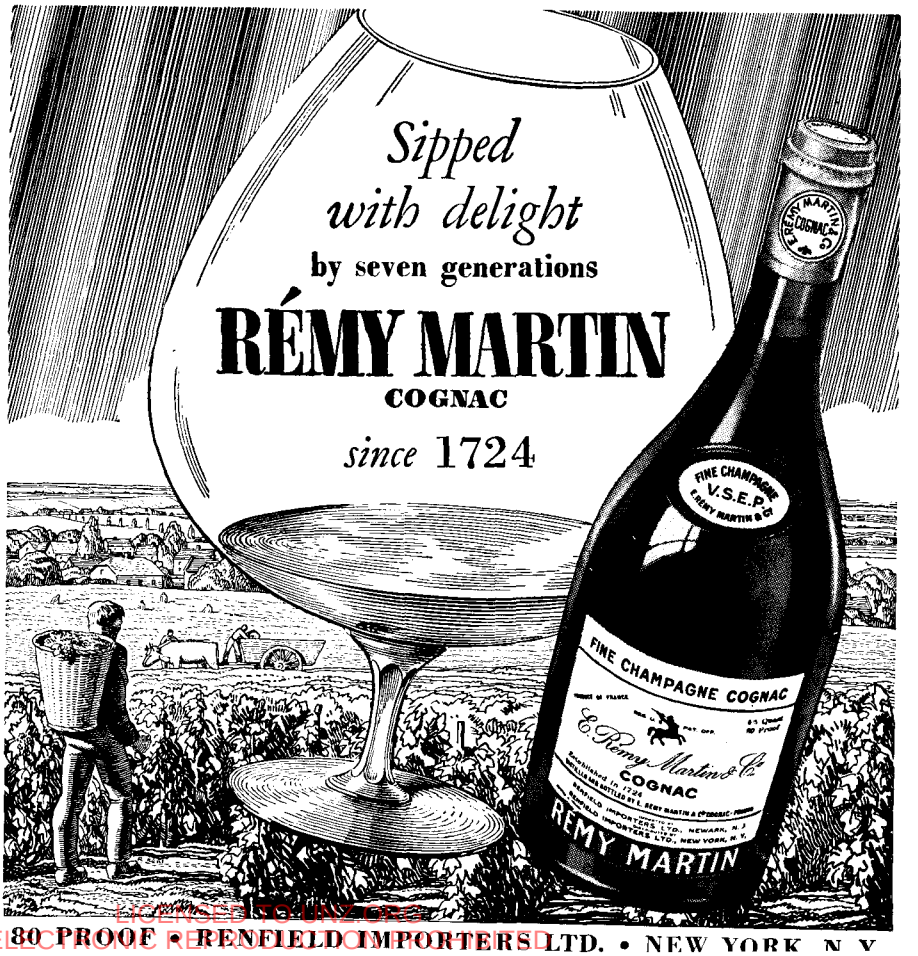

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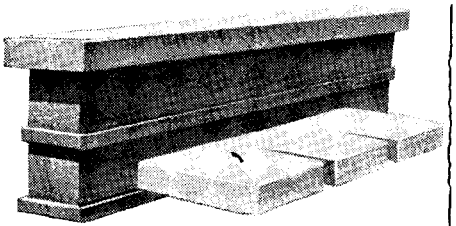

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questions. Is there any individual trait you would like to see portrayed? Sometimes for instance the Waiting Ones like to see a pipe in the Loved One's mouth. . . . Many like a musical instrument. One lady made her leavetaking holding a telephone.' "

And again, in a quiet garden:

" 'And what do you think about when you come here alone in the evenings?'

" 'Just Death and Art,' said Aimée Thanatogenos simply."

He wooed her with poetry. He had written an ode for Sir Francis that ran:

They told me, Francis Hinsley, they told me you were hung
With red protruding eyeballs and black protruding tongue
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had laughed about Los Angeles and now 'tis here you'll lie;
Here pickled in formaldehyde and painted like a whore,
Shrimp-pink incorruptible, not lost nor gone before.

He found the same system of intelligent selection and paraphrase useful with her, and his most successful plea began:

Aimée, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore . . .

Dennis, however, had a rival, Mr. Joyboy, in the embalming department, and he, too, had his methods of sentimental communication. He was not a poet in the common sense, but he let his hands speak for his wistful heart, and the corpses that came to Miss Thanatogenos for rouging bore such ineffably tender and radiant smiles that she could hardly mistake their message. Later, when she had used him rather badly, the dead faces were reproachful.

Inevitably the time came when Aimée discovered not only that Dennis's poems were not his own but also that he was engaged in a business that she could only regard as a gross and blasphemous parody of her own. She had been in communication for some time with the conductor of a column of advice to the lovelorn, who signed himself the Guru Brahmin, though his actual name was Slump, and now in her extremity she appealed to him again. He was drunk at the time and he recommended suicide to her only in a jocular spirit, but she took him seriously and presently was lying dead by her own hand on a slab in Mr. Joyboy's laboratory. How she got from there to Dennis's oven is too intricate to explain here, but she did, and, as he raked her ashes, her lover planned the card that would go to Mr. Joyboy on every an-

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niversary of her death: "Your little Aimée is wagging her tail in Heaven tonight, thinking of you."

Mr. Waugh's final observation is, I should say, at the same time the most lofty and the most bloodcurdling philosophical utterance ever to ornament a work of fiction:

On this last evening in Los Angeles Dennis knew he was singularly privileged. The Strand was littered with bones and wreckage. He was adding his bit; something that had long irked him, his young heart. He was carrying back instead a great shapeless chunk of experience, the artist's load; bearing it home to his ancient and comfortless shore; to work on it hard and long; for God knew how long—it was the moment of vision for which a lifetime is often too short. He picked up the novel which Miss Poski had left on his desk and settled down to await his loved one's final combustion.

I started this review, I recall now, in an attempt to prove that "The Loved One" was an outrageously funny novel but, in spite of its journalistic aspects, basically the product of an antic imagination rather than of any serious analysis of American folkways, as Mr. Connolly would have it. Reflecting on the passage I have just copied, however, it seems to me that neither satire nor comedy really describes it satisfactorily. Mr. Waugh himself calls his book "a little nightmare produced by the unaccustomed high living of a brief visit to Hollywood," and though that is inadequate, too, it is closer than any formal definition could be, and I guess it will have to do. Anyway, it is certainly a work of art, as rich and subtle and unnerving as anything its author has ever done. —Wolcott Gibbs

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Melissa, by Taylor Caldwell (Scribner). A gentleman of extraordinary wealth, long a bachelor, suddenly marries and introduces his bride into the mansion he has been sharing with his widowed sister, a vessel of purest feminine malice, who, from the moment she sets eyes on her brother's wife, devotes herself unsparingly to making life hell for that young lady. The sensitivity and innocence of her victim, whose premarital years have been unworldly in the extreme, make the sister's undertaking nauseatingly simple. Miss Caldwell's task, on the other hand, which is to somehow reinvigorate this venerable theme, is not so easy. Straining toward that end, she wheels onto the set, which is the countryside near Phila-

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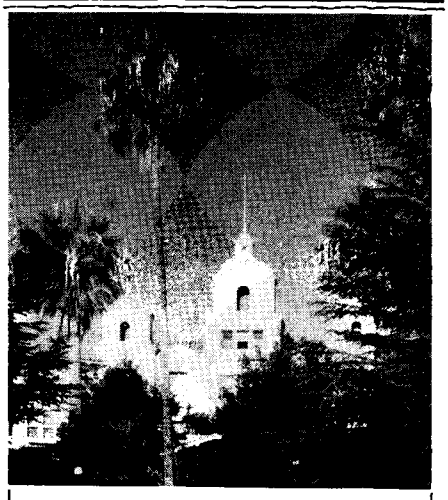

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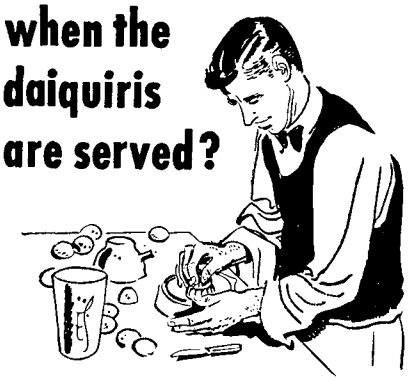

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delphia during the mid-nineteenth century, a manor house of positively epic proportions, permits her heroine to undergo one of the most thorough mental drubbings recorded in modern fiction, and holds off the lady's restoration to happiness until the last five pages of the story. Her success is moderate.

SUMMER ON THE WATER, by David Westheimer (Macmillan). A first novel dealing with the wages of miscegenation in the South. Of the four principals—a prominent Houston businessman, his wife, her Negro maid, with whom the husband has an affair, and the child born of that relationship—the colored maid pays with her life for her part in the complication. The others are penalized according to their hue and station: the child by condemnation to a lifetime of both frontal and sideswiping social cruelties, the businessman by a brief subjection to the lashings of remorse, his wife by an equally fleeting attack of the same bittersweet emotion, brought on by the awareness that it was her mistreatment of the maid that drove the girl to suicide. Worth while.

GENERAL

WE NEED NOT FAIL, by Sumner Welles (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Welles ably sums up the situation in Palestine, throwing a cold light on British and American policy, which he holds responsible for the tragic mess in the Holy Land today. He contends that our policy, which seems to be to offer sympathy to the Jews without doing anything to solve their problem, is not even good selfish politics, since the preservation of peace in the Near East is essential to our security. He believes that the only solution for Palestine is the General Assembly's partition plan, enforced, if necessary, by United Nations arms, and given the official backing of the United States government. The alternative, he says, is "peace by extermination"—and he does not mean extermination of the Arabs.

NIETZSCHE, by H. A. Reyburn (Macmillan). A dispassionate biography of a philosopher whose work, perhaps more than that of any other man in recent decades, has suffered from distorted interpretation and popular misconstruing. A knowledge of Nietzsche's life, with its torments of poverty and mental and physical sickness, is imperative for an understanding of him and his philosophy, chiefly because he was an artist (although a frustrated one) as well as a scientist and, like most artists, had an intensively subjective nature. Only by such an understanding, which is well provided in this book, can one know just how much of Nietzsche's violent nihilism, malice, and perversity must be discounted in order to find the creative thinker and moralist-in-spite-of-himself beneath. Mr. Reyburn has done an excellent piece of work in recounting Nietzsche's life in relation to the growth, flowering, and partial decay of his thought.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLOOD ON THE STARS, by Brett Halliday (Dodd, Mead). Michael Shayne, the private op who reaches maximum efficiency only after he has tossed down three fingers of old brandy, looks into the theft of a two-hundred-thousand-dollar bracelet in Miami. This leads to murder, mayhem, trouble with the police, and so on, but Shayne comes up with a solution to it all, as well as with some fairly dull lore on the history and composition of star rubies. Routine and tough.

PAUL'S APARTMENT, by Van Siller (Doubleday). A writer of slick fiction who has married against the advice of his friends finds himself in one awful mess, mostly because his bride once sublet the New York apartment of his best friend, now deceased. Things culminate in an apparent suicide, which is, of course, a murder, and in frenzied activity on the part of both the police and the friends, whose hearts, it turns out, are in the right place, after all. Exciting, if not too sensible.

THE CHOCOLATE COBWEB, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann). Unnerving doings in the household of an artist who lives in southern California. Miss Amanda Garth, a young lady with quite a bump of curiosity, gets herself invited there for a visit and then lures a hitherto camouflaged murderer into making a lethal pass at her. Based on the same successful formula as "The Unsuspected," this author's previous suspense tale, but rather scrambled at the end.

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[*Headlines in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*]

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